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DECEMBER MEETING.

THE stated meeting was held on Thursday, the 9th instant at three o'clock, P.M. In the absence of the President, and the first Vice-President, the second Vice-President, Mr. RHODES, occupied the chair.

The record of the last meeting was read and approved.

The Librarian reported the following items among the accessions:

From Miss Annette Hewes Belcher, of Sharon, a copy of Volume I of the Works of William Perkins, London, 1626, bearing the signature on the title page of Joseph Belcher, which closely resembles that of Rev. Joseph Belcher, Minister at Dedham, 1692-1723.

From Professor Kittredge, a pamphlet by Dr. William Wagstaff, entitled *A Letter to Dr. Freind; shewing the Danger and Uncertainty of Inoculating the Small Pox*, London, 1722.

From Dr. Farlow, a number of manuscripts.

From Mr. Dowse, a copy of *Wriothesley Portraits*, in England, by Richard W. Goulding, Librarian at Welbeck Abbey.

From Mrs. Archibald Hopkins, of Washington, D. C., additional papers and correspondence of her uncle, Dr. William Everett, 1852-1909.

From Herbert D. Foster, of Hanover, N. H., the diary (1851) of Rev. Daniel Foster (1816-1864), two sermon books and papers on Mr. Foster and the Foster family, 1850-1884.

From the S. S. Pierce Company, Boston, a letter of Daniel Webster to R. Smith, Cashier, 1833.

From Mr. Shaw, an "Assembly" ticket, Boston, Nov., 1803, issued by William Turner.

By purchase, nine letters (1751-1760) of Stephen Hales, D.D., of Teddington, England, a Trustee of the Colony of Georgia, and the inventor of artificial ventilators. One of these was written to Gov. Francis Bernard, of New Jersey, on July 18, 1758, to accompany a gift of twenty of his books on the uses of ventilation, for distribution. This purchase includes two papers of Charles Heriott, in Latin, and a letter, also in Latin, by Thomas Morton (1564-1609), bishop successively of Chester, of Lichfield, and of Durham, dated London, December, 1609, to Sibrand Lubbert, Professor of Theology in the University of Franeker.

The Cabinet-Keeper reported the following accessions:

From Miss Edith Andrew and her brother, Henry Hersey Andrew, a collection of relics formerly belonging to Gov. John A. Andrew, their father: an iron slave collar, surmounted by three prongs, cut from the neck of a slave girl in New Orleans;¹ two slave whips; a piece of an auction slave block; a piece of the step on which Colonel Ellsworth was shot at the Marshall house, Alexandria, Va., given to Governor Andrew by Mr. J. P. Chanler, of Brookline; a gilt ornament of an eagle and an alligator, taken by Brig. Gen. George H. Gordon, from the library of Jefferson Davis in his executive mansion, Richmond, Va., at 2 o'clock on April 4, 1865; two specimens of the "daily bread" furnished to Union prisoners in Libby Prison, brought away by a paroled prisoner; two bullets picked up by Dr. S. G. Howe near Washington the year after the War; a paper knife made from the wood of the *Merrimac*; a gold pen, with handle made from the *Merrimac*; a plate resurrected from a grave in the cellar of the Thornton House, Fredericksburg, Va., 1863; a cane, with gold head, given by Col. Eli C. Kinsley and Maj. Charles J. McCarthy, inscribed "Grant and Pemberton Oak, Vicksburg, Miss., July 4, 1863;" another cane, of oak, made from a piece of the Hancock House, 1863; a Colt's revolver, which belonged to John Brown; a Remington army revolver, with ivory handle bearing a relief of the State seal and the national emblems; two brass-barrelled flint-lock pistols, with the initials "R. W." and the word "Wilson;" a lock of Alexander Hamilton's hair, given to Governor Andrew by James A. Hamilton his son, Nevis, Oct. 27, 1865, and a lock of Washington's hair given to him also by Mr. Hamilton; a piece of the Atlantic Cable given by Cyrus W. Field to Governor Andrew; a pack of playing cards bearing national emblems; Governor Andrew's seal, used while in office, bearing the coat of arms of the State; a glass seal bearing a cut of a slave and the surrounding legend "Am I not a woman and a sister;" a silver key of the Phi Beta Kappa, Alpha of Maine, February 22, 1825; a badge, Lincoln and Hamlin, 1860; a badge, Victoria, Albert, and Prince of Wales; a box made of the Charter Oak, contributed to the fair in Marshfield in the 50's; a sand shaker and sand receiver; a chapeau, shoulder straps, sash, and pair of gloves, a part of the uniform of Governor Andrew made at the urgent desire of his staff early in the war, and never worn by him but once, because of his dislike for it; also a few personal belongings.

From Miss Catharine Austin, of Newport, R. I., by deposit, relics formerly belonging to Gov. Elbridge Gerry, her great-grand-

¹ See account in a letter, *Proceedings*, XLIX. 2.

father; a rapier perhaps worn by him while in Paris, inscribed "Langford . . . Fleet Street," with its leather cover; one of a pair of pistols, inlaid with silver, given to Mr. Gerry by a British officer whom he found wounded at the Battle of Lexington and treated with special kindness, with inscription "I. Alley, Dublin;" a piece of the rope by which Henri Masers de Latude escaped in 1756 from the Bastille, given to Mr. Gerry and accompanied with his written statement; a medal, in terra cotta, by Nini, 1777, of Franklin, given by him to Miss Austin's great-grandfather, Jonathan L. Austin, in May, 1779; another medal, "Libertas Americana," in bronze, struck in Paris, and given to Mr. Gerry.

From the S. S. Pierce Company, Boston, five engravings of Daniel Webster.

From Nathaniel T. Kidder, of Milton, six photographic negatives, taken in different positions, of the bust of Jonathan Russell by Raymond Trentanove, Rome, 1819.

From Mr. Shaw, twenty-seven bills of New York State Banks from 1806 to 1820.

From Mr. Norcross, Mr. C. P. Greenough, and by exchange, coins, and bills of broken banks, and of the Confederate States.

By purchase, a medal issued by the Dutch government in connection with the Pilgrim Tercentenary.

The following letter accompanied the gift of the iron slave collar to Governor Andrew:

NEW ORLEANS, (LA.), Aug. 28, 1863.

To His EXCELLENCY, JOHN A. ANDREW,
Governor State of Massachusetts:

SIR: — I have the honor to present to your Excellency, herewith, an iron relic of a poor slave girl's torture, which I procured near this city, under the following circumstances.

Soon after the Federal occupation of New Orleans, I was placed in command of a detachment of troops, and instructed to proceed down the river for the purpose of searching suspected premises for arms and munitions contraband of war. At the plantation of Madame Coutreil, a French Creole, residing just below the city, I found quite a quantity, and was about leaving when a small house, closed tightly and about nine or ten feet square, attracted my attention. I demanded the keys of the strange looking place, and, after unlocking double doors, found myself in the entrance of a dark and loathsome dungeon, alive with the most disgusting and sickening stench that can be imagined. The hot, close and stifled air puffed out by me until I was obliged to fall back, for fear of suffocation.

"In Heaven's name, what have you here!" I exclaimed to the slave mistress, from whom I had demanded the keys.

"Oh, only a 'ittle girl — she runned away."

I peered into the darkness, and was able to discover, sitting at one end of the room upon a low stool, a girl about eighteen years of age. She had this iron torture riveted about her neck, where it had rusted through the skin, and lay corroding apparently upon the flesh. Her head was bowed upon her hands, and she was almost insensible from emaciation, and immersion in the foul air of her dungeon. She was quite white — quadroon or octoroon — and previous to her confinement, which had continued as I found her *three months*, must have possessed a considerable claim to beauty. Her only crime, according to her mistress's statement, was that she had attempted to run away. She was also, I believe, suspected of having some sympathy with the "Yankees," and it was the intention of her mistress to keep her in the dungeon until the rebels had driven the Federals from the city — an event confidently expected at that time by the Confederate sympathizers.

I had the girl taken to the city, where this torture was removed from her neck by a blacksmith, who cut the rivet, and she was subsequently made FREE by military authority. Very respectfully, your most obedient servant,

S. TYLER READ,
Captain 3d Mass. Cavalry.

The Corresponding Secretary reported the receipt of a letter from Harold Clarence Ernst, of Boston, accepting his election as a Resident Member of the Society, and a letter from David Jayne Hill, of Washington, D. C., accepting his election as a Corresponding Member.

Henry Bradford Washburn, of Cambridge, was elected a Resident Member of the Society.

A paper by Mr. EMERTON on the *de Tyranno* of Coluccio Salutati (1330-1406) was read by Mr. MERRIMAN. Intended to be the introduction to a translation of the essay, it will be printed elsewhere.

Dr. WARREN exhibited the plans for the proposed extension of the Society's building.

DIARY OF WILLIAM GREENE, 1778.

Mr. FORD presented a diary of William Greene, son of Rufus Greene, of Boston, while in Europe during a part of the year

1778. He had set out for the West Indies, but was captured by the British and taken into New York. Thence he sailed for London in September, 1777, but whether as a prisoner of war or not is not known. It is probable that he was exchanged, or released on the intervention of some of his loyalist friends and relations, and went to the continent to await a favorable opportunity to return to America. Little is known of his career and he died unmarried. The original *Diary* is among the Prescott Papers, now deposited in the Society by Mr. Roger Wolcott.

Thursday, March 26, 1778. Having concluded to go to Brighton, from thence to Dieppe, I was much hurried in collecting my things, din'd at Mr. Dowling's, in the afternoon walked to the 'Golden Cross Inn at Charing Cross, engaged a seat in the post coach, then strolled to the Park for the last time, two turns up, then round the Bird Cage walk, from thence I went to Mr. Joy's¹ to tea plenty tir'd with my day's work, after tea call'd on Mr. Smith's, who renew'd the promise of a letter for me to Dr. F.² and Mr. D.³ at Paris. I then proceeded to my lodgings, Mr. Joy, C. Blanchard,⁴ F. Johonnot,⁵ and I. Dickason passed the evening with me. Mr. G. D. called on me with Mr. Jno. T's.

Up at five Friday morning, having before sent my Chest on board a Brig't bound for Nants, to the care of Jon'a Williams, Esq., American Agent there. I had only a small trunk to take with me, accordingly a coach not being on the Stand, I procur'd a porter to carry my trunk, and proceeded to the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, set of in the post coach and four at six o'clock, Mr. Wm. Green of Lewis with me. We break[fasted] at Godstown, din'd at Lewis the White Hart. My friends at Brighthelmstone were extremely glad to see me. Mr. Lucas, a brother of Uncle's came outside passenger.

Saturday. Brighton not being a place of much visiting, of course was at home, very durty foggy weather not able to walk out. In the afternoon smoked a pipe at the New Ship with a number of old Dons, at home in the evening with quadrill.

Sunday, March 29. Extreme bad weather still. I think I bring it along with me, as every time I have been here it has proved dis-

¹ Michael Joy (1754-1825). He died in England.

² Franklin.

³ Silas Deane.

⁴ Caleb Blanchard.

⁵ Francis Johonnot (b. c 1737) was son of Andrew and Susan (Oliver) Johonnot, and a graduate of the Boston Latin School in 1752. Nothing is known of his history save that he died unmarried. The father was a loyalist, left Boston in 1776 with the British and died in London.

agreeable weather, my ill luck seems to follow me up for the very day I arrived here a packet sail'd for Dieppe, and the day after an order came down stopping all French vessels, and all English vessels bound to France.

Monday, 30, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, not turn'd up worth remark. Sukey and I drank tea with Couzin Taylor, a first couzin of my Mother's, call'd on Miss Barbary Rickword, and took an agreeable walk, the weather having clear'd up very pleasant, we had a pool at Miss Rickword's.

Friday, April 3. Capt. Killig and Capt. Burton both talk of passing to Dieppe, this day or to morrow, shall go in one, very much want to receive a letter from Mr. Smith first, hope an opportunity will offer to send it to me; a great talk of war being declar'd this day in London, tho' I give no credit to it, long to be gone, as I fear something will stop me. Brighthelmstone, thirty years back, contained nothing but a few fishermen, but of late years the company from London, etc. resort here the months of June, July, August, Sept. (and from here they go to Bath,) have increas'd the town surprizingly. They now have a neat Play House built, in which a detachment from Covent Garden and Drury Lane act during the residence of the company here; they have two elegant Ball Rooms, one of which is reckon'd the finest in the Kingdom, they lately have got a ring of eight bells to their Church, which is an ancient building, remains being now left of the Romish superstition, in short the Town is quite alter'd. The principal streets are West Street, Middle Street, (Aunt Lucas lives), Ship Street, Black Lion Street, and East Street. The houses are all built of flint stone, which appears very heavy, very irregular, and low, in winter it is very disagreeable, being so near the Sea, have much stormy weather in the summer, the number of gentry resorting here enlivens it much. Both the married men and young batchelors have each a Club every week the winter season, the women their routs and coteries, tho' on the whole it is a very unpleasant place, the number of inhabitants I suppose in winter are about 2500. The whims of the gentry of late years of coming here to bath and for pleasure in the summer has made Brighthelmstone, the company last summer was about five hundred. Perhaps their whims may change soon or maybe the war may occasion it to return into its pristine state, for it is the company that keeps it alive.

Friday, April 3. Expected much to sail this day, but was disappointed, at Couzin Benj'a Club in the evening the Old Ship.

Saturday, April 4. in the evening at half past eight, Uncle, Couzin Sukey, etc., see me from the water side sail with a fine

wind. On Sunday morning the wind died away, or we should have been at Dieppe to breakfast, reach'd there about two o'clock P. M. by the Pilot Boat that came of to us we understood no Englishmen were suffer'd to leave Dieppe. I was much struck on seeing my Aunt, who looks very much as my good Mother did, never see two persons look so much like each other in my life. Couzin Betsy is a tall genteel girl, but not so handsome, I think Couzin Sukey exceeds her by far in every respect. Had a long talk with Aunt. I told her (knowing her circumstances) that I would tarry with her three weeks provided she wou'd let me pay for my board as another person, she did not appear to like it [at] first, but after a while she came into it. I have made no agreement with her, but when I leave Dieppe, shall give as much as I wou'd another person. Couzin Betsy and I walked out after tea, mett with Couzin James Deslandes, Lady and Child, they came home with us, set about a[n] hour. I retired to my chamber about eleven, wrote two letters, one to Couzin Sukey and one to Friend M[ichael] Joy, London, to bed half past twelve,

Monday, April 6. Up this morning at seven, wrote a letter to Jon'a Williams, Esq., Nants, and one to my Father. After breakfast walked after Capt. Killick, gave him my letter. I begin to attempt a little on the French, but am afraid my stay will be so short I shall be no proficient in it; din'd at one, after dinner Betsy and I called on Cozin James' Lady, and then walked a mile or two into the country, tea at Aunt's, in the evening whist, supped at half past nine, to bed at eleven.

Tuesday, April 7. After breakfast called at the City of London Tavern, where the English generally keep. Capt. Killuc gone to Brighton, Lady Lenox and others with him in Number 17 who are fearful of the war, for a few days back the passengers were not allowed to leave this place, the reason give for it was that the D. Prince of Conti had a great quantity of plate stole from him and they were fearful it wou'd be carried out of the Kingdom. I hope for the future the packets will go and come with ease. From the Tavern I went to Couzin James Deslandes, his Lady cannot talk a word of English, nor I a word of French, so we sat looking at one another, and I reading my grammar, we walked on the Pier, and on the Exchange: rather a poor place for gentlemen. One o'clock to dinner; James called on me after dinner, we went on a hill behind the Castle, had a full view of the Town. It appeared to be about three-quarters of a mile in length, perhaps a half mile broad, the houses are all brick, very indifferent, and not well finished inside, they are thick inhabited, they told me the number of

inhabitants were near thirty thousand, but I do not believe the number exceeds twenty thousand, those are fishermen, mostly poor. They have but three parish Churches, but for Chapels and Convents, they are without number; in the Town are six or eight Crosses in the street, our Saviour on it and the Virgin Mary under weeping, they generally pull off their hats. In the afternoon, as we were walking, the Host, or Sacrament, which the dying persons take, passed by, every Catholic fall on their knees to it; we Protestants pull'd of our hats. It is either cloth, leather, or silk, supported by two sticks carried by two priests, and another in the middle, and this is to keep the God from the rain. The God is carried by the middle priest under the canopy, two soldiers preceding and following. It was then going to a sick person. As we were walking from the Pier we meet Aunt Betsy and Mrs. Wilmot, a Lady who lodges at Aunt's in the room under me, mine is called Mount Lofty. We turn'd and walked more, then to tea, and whist in the evening.

Wednesday, April 8th. We have tea and hot roles for breakfast. Afterwards I went to Couzin James to receive a lesson from him, he not being at home, I read to his wife, who cannot speak a word of English. After twelve I walked. When I came home, found Couz: James, whose wife told him I had been there, and that she had invited me to dinner, but that she cou'd not make me understand. I went with him, we had boild bread and milk, a famous dish in France, and a roast poulet, cheese, apples, etc., cyder and wine after dinner. Aunt and Betsy called on us to walk. We went as far as the Hill it is reported Julius Caesar encamped about three miles out and three miles in. Tea and evening till nine with Mrs. Wilmot who lodges above in the chamber Sister Amory¹ did when she was here. I think Dieppe a disagreeable place to live in, for every night at ten o'clock the gates are shut, of which there are four, and after that time no one can enter or go out of the town without permission from the Lieutenant of the Castle who commands the City, and to whom the keys are carried every night, the gates are open'd at four in the morning. Another shocking circumstance is as ever the clock strikes ten evening you hear nothing but the throwing of every kind of filth from the windows, the necessary and all, so that it is dangerous to walk out then unless one has a notion to get scented; in the summer when we set with windows open it must be horrid, and now if the window is open'd there is no bareing the smell; only last night as I was seting at supper I heard

¹ Catherine Greene, who married John Amory. He was a partner of his brother Jonathan, and went to England in 1774 to settle some of the firm's affairs, was accounted a loyalist, but returned to America in 1783, and died in Boston, 1805. *New England Hist. Gen. Register*, x. 63.

a man passing by swearing out on a dose he received on his head. The houses are all brick considerable high, not at all finished inside, it is common to see the bare boards and walls. No persons of credit live here, neither is there a carriage in the place save the Commander's of the Castle. Last night it thunder'd, lightened and rain'd surprizingly. I think it was as hard thunder and sharp light. as ever I see or heard; the Ladies were much affrighted.

Thursday, April 9. After breakfast to my study till twelve, and then walked to the Exchange and the Pier, to hear the news. I don't understand. To dinner at one o'clock, after dinner Mr. Wil-mot, Mr. Macho,¹ Couzin James and myself walked as far as d'Arc [Arques], formerly a considerable Town, now only a small Village about five miles from Dieppe, after drinking wine, etc. at a country house belonging to Mr. Macho's father, we viewed the famous Castle, (or rather the ruins) in which Henry 4th was besieged by the Huguenots in the time of the Civil Wars in France, ten thousand men is said to have been at that time inside the walls. The Castle is on a hill, and in the valley below is the Town of Arc. The antiquity of this Castle is not known, it is not unlikely but it was used by the Gauls. The walls are built of brick, amazingly strong, excellent mortar, and seems if it was not abused, wou'd continue forever. When we took a view of the inside, we walk'd on the walls, around, then we enter'd a cavern underneath dug in the earth, one they say reaches four and one-half miles, but no one as I understood had been to the end these many years, it certainly is a piece of great antiquity, and deserves remembrance. They pretend to show the hole the first shot made that struck it. I cannot as yet pass my judgment on the country as I have seen none to speak of. Return'd about eight, at whist in Aunt's room.

Friday, April 10. Couzin John's Lady called to see me in the morning, when she departed I went out, called on Mr. Bellam,² see a French gentleman who was learning English, and as I am learning French, he mention'd our meeting together, for assisting each other, which was very pleasing to me. He accordingly appointed to come to my chamber to morrow at six o'clock. Nothing material turn'd up this day, after dinner, Mr. Macho, Couzin James and myself strolled three or four miles from Town, in our way took a Lady in our company, when we return'd steped in to the Coffee House de [blank] drank three bottles of French beer, not near so good as the English, and eat a few tarts de cream. Home by eight, heard Capt. Burton and Killuc were arrived, see Burton, no letters for me, no talk of war. In our conversation at supper we were

¹ Probably Michau, mentioned later.

² May be Bellons, mentioned later.

talking on the superstition of Romish religion, and how far the ignorance and weakness of mankind will carry them. An instance was mentioned, in Passion Week all the images in the churches are cover'd, on Good Friday, the church is entirely dark, save one lamp which is always aburning before the Host or what they call God, to shew that with the Supreme Being darkness never enters, but eternal light. On Easter Day every thing is decorated as much as possible, the Good Friday gloominess is wore off and every one appears gay, airy and bright. The chief Priest of the church who ever he is, go[es] into the church yard on Palm Sunday, puts a bunch of something green on a cross in the yard, an inferior who follows him immediately takes it, for fear it shou'd ruin the world. The head priest then goes to the door of the church, and knocks three times, the priests within open the door, and ask who comes there, he coming in answers, in French, the King of Glory. Can any thing be greater blasphemy, taking in vain, the name of that Supreme Being who fills Heaven and Earth with his Presence? Another story of the nuns is, a doctor some years ago was called to a convent to see two or three nuns almost adying, he was suffer'd to enter the house, which no man is permitted to do, when he enter'd the room he perceiv'd the nuns lying on a board all in a heap, for they are not permitted to lie straight, but their feet all underneath, in the most excruciating torture. When he come to examine them, poor wretches, they had a crown of thorns on their head in imitation of our Saviour, for mortification sake. It had stuck into their head a great way, he order'd it of directly, and endeavour'd to heal it, one of the poor creatures died with it, and the others was a long while before the[y] become well.

Nothing worthy of remark on Saturday. Sunday being Palm Sunday, a great day among the Romish, they all carry something green to church, and their churches were so full many could not get in, and they think it sufficient to kneel to the cross in the yard, and say their prayers, after church it is more of a frolicsome day than any in the week, and much more noisy. Aunt had cards at her house in the evening, but I did not chuse to play, in the afternoon Aunt, Betsy, Mrs. Wilmot, Mr. Macho and myself walked.

Monday, Apr. 13. Wrote a letter yesterday by Capt. Burton to Friend Joy, beging him to send a few articles, and likewise desiring him to look after my chest of cloaths I put on board of a Brig't bound to Nantz to the care of Jon'a Williams, Agent for our State there, and as I understood all French vessels were stopped I feel much afraid mine is among that number.

Tuesday and Wednesday nothing turn'd up worthy of notice.

This week is much observed in the Romish Church, all day at church, an old woman who was washing for Aunt told me that on Thursday the day before Good Friday, there was great form in washing the twelve Apostles feet, and advised me to go and see it; I accordingly went to Saint James, at ten o'clock A. M. A number of priests attended, perhaps fourteen, three of which appear'd to be for this ceremony, one of which three was the head priest of the Town. They first sung, or chanted Mass all kneeling, they then carried their God about the church as a sanctification of what they had said, continually throwing incense on it, the cloth (a table cloth) and napkins were then blessed by the chief priest with holy oil, the several priests received the communion, who were to assist in this form, and then Mass again. This was all done by the altar, they often sign'd them with the sign of the cross; after this all the priests came out, two and two, without the altar, where our communicants kneel down, the twelve who were to be Apostles were the poorest men of the town all in rags, they were sitting in a circle here, the table cloth was spread in their laps, which reach from one end to the other. they each had a napkin on their shoulders, they always burn numbers of candles in their ceremony, and when the priests came from the communion table they had lights in their hands. One of the three priests then took a bason, with hysop and vinegar, or water (I know not which) which was blessed by the priest, kneeling down to the first Apostle washed his right foot, his shoe and stocking being off while this was doing the chief priest with hands lifted up, offer'd some prayer, after he down washing the first Apostle, the chief priest kneeling down kissed this Apostles foot, the same form was shewed to the whole twelve. Each of the poor men had a loaf of bread given him, and I doubt not went of contented with what they had done to them, expecting that will absolve them from all their sins. The lights they use in their service signify that their God never dwells in darkness, and the Host or their God is always present.¹

Good Friday 17th. All this week their images are cover'd to shew the penance and mortifications they must subject themselves to, and our Saviour on the cross is cover'd, a cloth with a cross on it without the body appears, no bells in the churches ring from Thursday morning to Saturday morning eleven o'clock, they pretend to say they are all at Rome to receive a blessing of the Pope against Easter. On Saturday 18th April the water is blessed for the year ensuing, which they call holy water. At the entrance of

¹ Cf. the account of a similar ceremony at Rome in Jonathan Russell's *Journal, Proceedings*, II. 456.

every church on the right hand stands a font of this in which every one who enters dips his fingers and signs himself with the sign of the cross. Friday afternoon Couzin James Deslandes and I went to a chapel belonging to the Capuchin Friars to hear a sermon in French, he repeated two Latin prayers, but so fast I could not understand him, he then preached in French; walked afterwards, every evening we play whist.

Sunday, April 19. This morning at three o'clock I was waked by the ringing of all the bells in town enough to stun'd one, it was to announce our Saviour's resurrection. They tell me they have a great show in the churches at that time. At eight o'clock I went to church to see the communion administred, which is in much the same form as with us, save that the wafer they give they say is the real body, which the priest puts on the tongue, and the tongue goes to the roof of the mouth were it dissolves, they must not touch their teeth to it, if they do they say the blood will spurt out. The wine likewise they say is the real blood of Christ, whereas we only take it in remembrance of him. When a person of any note is a dying and desires the sacrament, (and I believe it is administer'd to every departing soul) the God, or the Host is carried through the street, which I have spoke of before, every Roman Catholic falls on their knees as it passes, the Protestants stand at a distance with their hats off. It is always preceded by a bell to denote its coming, when every one comes out of their houses, when the priest administers the sacrament, and puts the wafer on the tongue of the person; if they are so sick as not to be able to swallow it, or to dissolve it in his mouth, the priest puts his tongue into the mouth of the sick person and takes out the wafer with his tongue; if the person happens to touch his teeth to the wafer, the priest pretends to say it bleeds and will be of no effect. Such is the misfortunes and afflictions of this life, that one need to be master of great philosophy to be able to withstand the several shocks and disappointments we meet with in our passage, but many things happen to us that comes so close that Nature itself recoils. I thought I had encounter'd so many disasters that Fortune wou'd now begin to smile, but I find by dismal experience that Happiness is not to be found here, and the duty of us mortals is in this time of trial to resign ourselves and our concerns to that Overruling Providence in whose hands, and from whom comes every decree, who rules the affairs of this world with almighty power, and orders every transaction for the advantage of his creatures in general. This day I received a letter from my Friend Michael Joy who is in London, in which is this most disagreeable paragraph: "I wish I had a less

melancholic tale to close my letter with, but friendship has disagreeable, as well as pleasant offices to perform. Frank Johonnot has a letter from his mother dated Boston, January 15, 1778, in which she writes, your good Father had been dead about three weeks. This event my good Friend your affectionate heart must feel; but the poignancy of affliction will be lessened by considering the maturity of your parent's age, that he has no children so young as to need his fostering care, and is past doubt happy in passing from affliction and trouble to rest and happiness. Such is the lot of mortality, and no one is exempt from that road."

Perhaps no one has meet with more trouble than my parent. He was born May 30, 1707, Old Stile.¹ He served his time to Mr. Cowell,² a Silver Smith in Boston, he always was fond of reading, and in the winter wou'd wake by four in the morning, strike a light and sit up in bed and read till it was time to open his shop, from his youth he was sedate and much turn'd to the moral way, he became acquainted with my Mother who came from England, and then lived with an old Aunt by the name of Minzies,³ of whom more bye and bye. My Grand Mother Greene keep an English goods shop, and my Father often tended shop for her when he cou'd be spared from his master. But to proceed; in the year 1728 my Father became of age; the similarity of dispositions between my Father and Mother was such that they seem'd to be intended for each other; wether my Mother wou'd not have my Father unless he went to England to ask her parents, or whether it was his own notion I cannot say, but so it was he went over to England, proceeded to Brighthelmstone, this was the year he came of age 1728 in the summer, he without any difficulty gain'd my Grand Father

¹ Mr. Rufus Green. His picture and that of his wife painted by Copley, father of Lord Lyndhurst, are in the possession of my mother and hang in my bed-room. — W. AMORY PRESCOTT. 1859.

Rufus Greene was son of Nathaniel Greene (1679-1714) of Warwick, Rhode Island, who removed to Boston and married, February 27, 1703-04, Anne (c. 1685-1728), daughter of Thomas and Frances (Robinson) Gould. They had five sons: Thomas (1705-1763); Rufus; Nathaniel (1709-1792); William (1711-); Benjamin (1713-1776) and John (— -). Anne is described as a "shop-keeper" and owned a house on Newbury Street, inherited from her father. Rufus (1707-1777) married Katherine Stanbridge (she died in 1768).

² "Billy Cowell's shop is entered by the Chimney, and a considerable quantity of Plate stolen," which was recovered. Sewall's *Diary*, II. 189. He was born in Boston, January 25, 1682, son of John and Hannah Cowell. See *New England Hist. Gen. Register*, L. 297.

³ Catherine Menzies, whose will, dated April 19, 1732, left an annuity of £24 to her niece, Jane Stanbridge, "who now lives with me," and the rest of her property "to her loving kinswoman Katharine Greene, wife of Rufus Greene of Boston, Goldsmith." The will was probated in 1743.

Stanbridge's¹ consent, my Father after tarrying a while and settling a correspondence in England return'd to Boston, carried over with him many articles in the silver smith's business, and set up his trade. He married my Mother in December, 1728, and two more industrious persons perhaps never was, my Mother being so prudent she wou'd not allow herself a maid servant for many years, and the same room serv'd for kitchen and parlour. She one time heated herself so over the fire, that caused such a surfit she never after got clear'd of it; my Father after being about a dozen years a silver smith, being a little beforehand, and my Grand Mother dying, the five brothers shar'd about £300 Sterling a piece. He having children fast,² by the perswasion of my eldest Uncle Thomas³ who was then in a large trade of the English goods, my father, and my Uncle Benj'a who serv'd his time with my parent, they two join'd my Uncle in business. They were concern'd considerable in shipping after a few years, each family grew large, and they wanting to increase their business, parted, my Uncle Thomas being much the most venturesome, in a few years made a large fortune but my Father was always of such a timid make he wou'd not venture but keep in a very snug business which was mostly supplying the retailers in the town of Boston. He now left of his shipping, the old Aunt Minzies⁴ died about this time and left my Mother about £400 Sterling. The first loss my parents' sustained was a son by the name of William, a youth of thirteen years. He died 1754, November 20, and the next Monday morning, November 25, I was born, their fourteenth child. I was called after my brother so lately dead William. I forgot to mention my Mother buried an own brother from our house some years before this, by name Benj. Masters Stanbridge. My Father about this time sustained a great loss of estate by the failure of a house in business. In 1756 my eldest sister then living, married to Mr. John Amory a merchant, in the fall of 1760 my parent buried his eldest son Rufus aged twenty-seven years, who intirely transacted all his business, and it was thought it wou'd be too much for him to bear, but however Providence who always will support the upright, keep him under all his affliction with superior fortitude. My Father now was obliged to attend to his business closely himself, which was too

¹ The picture of Mr. Standbridge and that of his [wife?] are in my mother's house.—W. AMORY PRESCOTT. 1859.

² He had fourteen children.

³ Thomas Greene (1705-1763), married Elizabeth Gardiner.

⁴ John Menzies (her husband), died in 1728. A Scotchman, he became Judge of Admiralty in Massachusetts, in succession to Nathaniel Byfield. A brother was Registrar, and died on horseback. Sewall, *Diary*, III. 77.

much for him, he being of a very weak constitution, and not able to encounter any hardship. He had now a sufficiency to live quietly all his days, and began to contract his affairs. He never had ambition to appear in a office or any figure in life but approved of a snug domestic life; now my parent felt the strokes of adverse fortune, two or three persons breaking in his debt very largely. In August, 1764, departed this life my eldest Uncle Thomas, which was a great loss and affliction to my parent, they having the greatest brotherly affection possible for each other. (I forgot mentioning my second sister Mary was married to Mr. William Taylor son of the Reverend Parson of Milton.)¹ In 1768, January 10, died my ever dear Mother, aged fifty-nine, a woman of the most exemplary piety and unlimited charity. This was a shock to my parent which every one thought he wou'd not survive, but his principle supported him above the frowns of fortune. He considered that our Maker created us for a superior state, that this was only a preparatory one to what was to come hereafter, that we all must drop off one after another, and that she was only gone that way which he soon expected to follow. After this troubles seem'd to run close on one another. In 1771 died Mrs. Taylor, aged thirty-six, by misfortunes. Mr. Thomas Hickling,² my sister Sally's husband, to whom she was married about the year 1765, was obliged to leave Boston for the Western Islands, in a ship he built. His wife a little after he went keep Mr. Taylor's house; her two children a boy now about thirteen, and a girl³ now ten were under my Father's care, the boy William at board at Lancaster, the girl lived at my Father's, in a little time [*two lines erased*] she died at Mr. Taylor's at the time Gage was arrived in the harbour to be Governoir of the Massachusetts, her disorder was a consumption, aged thirty-one. Our family grew now small, one and another following each other to the Mansions of the Dead fast, in about eighteen months after departed my sister Ann a maiden at my Father's aged thirty-six. In May, 1775, Mrs. Amory went with her husband to England leaving behind ten children.⁴ This was very heavy to my parent losing his oldest

¹ Rev. John Taylor (1704-1749) graduated at Harvard College in 1721, married Elizabeth, daughter of Rev. Nathaniel Rogers of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. William was born April 8, 1735.

² The Boston Committee of Correspondence in November, 1776, issued a certificate of behavior to a son of Thomas Hickling, who was "desirous of going to his Father who is in some Foreign port." He was for many years United States Consul at St. Michael's in the "Western Islands" and his daughter, Catherine Greene Hickling (1768-1852), married in 1793, William Prescott, Jr. (1762-1844), and William Hickling Prescott, the historian, was their son.

³ My grandmother Prescott. — W. AMORY PRESCOTT. 1859.

⁴ *New England Hist. Gen. Register*, x. 63, 64.

daughter, they intended to return in a year. In March, 1776, my sister Martha was married to Mr. Taylor my brother-in-law. at the same time left Boston with the Troops belonging to the King of England. Things continued very disagreeable till May 19, 1777, when I left my parent. I was obliged to desire my Couzin Benj. to break to him my intentions of leaving Boston for a trip to the West Indies; it was some time before he would consent to my leaving him. At last he consented, when I arrived at New York after I was taken, I learnt the death of my sister Mrs. Katharine Amory in London, April 11, 1777. The Monday after my arrival came Mr. Amory as sorrowful a widower as ever was. A little after my being at York I received a letter from my ever kind parent couched in the strongest terms, expressing his sorrow at my being taken, hoped I suffer'd no loss, and recommended his good advice. The middle of August I learnt the death of my sister Betsey who was the only one with my parent, she died July 31, 1777, of a complication of disorders, aged thirty-six. Now my parent was left alone, and I was much grieved I left home. As we cannot look into future events, I endeavour'd to think all was for the best. I left N. York in September, arrived in London in November, and now I have heard the death of my only parent who died about the last of December, 1777, as I can learn. I now must proceed home with the utmost expedition. I am in daily expectation of my Friends Joy and Johonnot here from England to go with me I hope all the way.

Now to continue my journal. There is no variety here, so that Monday and Tuesday produced nothing worthy of remark. I became acquainted within these few days with Mr. [blank] who was born in Antigua but had lived most of his time at Philadelphia, and N. York. He has his family here, a Lady and four daughters. He is a strong friend to the Liberties of America. He was so obliging to offer to introduce me to the Commandant of this town, which was a compliment I chose to pay.

Wednesday, Apr: 22. Mr. [blank] waited on me to the Castle were the Deputy of this town lives, a very old building. The Governour never lives here only his Deputy. They are always one who belonged to the Army, and always commands the troops in this town, the Government through France is altogether arbitrary and govern'd by the Army; the present Commandant is an old Officer has been Leut: Col: and now takes the title of Count de Tilley, he behaved very politely to me, asked me some questions by my interpreter Mr. [blank]¹ as the Count cou'd not speak Eng-

¹ Bellons?

lish, dined at Couzin John Deslandes, Couzin Betsy with me, we had a roast turkey, but it was dresst very poorly, and very durtyly. Mr. Bellam dined there, tea at home.

Thursday, 23. In the morning Mr. [blank] called on me to walk and we conversed much on the American Dispute, and our conclusions corresponded with each other much. After dinner called on Couzin Stanbridge, we went to St. James Church to see the Procession of the Young People who all this day partook the Sacrament in the town, so young as ten and eleven years old, and every year they likewise renew their baptism vow, all their prayers and singing is in Latin, so that there is not one in a thousand understands one word of what they say, they chant altogether, the children of the three Parishes meet together a large number and a good sight, they walking through the streets with the Holy Cross carried before them by a young priest, and a dozen or fifteen priests between the ranks singing as they go alone [along] and paying adoration to this Cross every one must take off their hats as the procession passes. Thus they go thro' every church and chapel in town, and to every Cross in the place as a kind of a penance. This is performed every year at Easter. After they passed I went into the church and viewed it all round, called on Mr. Bellam return'd the magazine and news paper I borrow'd of him, tea in Mrs. Wilmot's room Chamber heard this day that a fleet of twelve ships of the line and five frigates had sail'd from Toulon the 13th inst. their destination was not known, but supposed to be to America, that the evening they sail'd a person in disguise went on board, no one knew who it was, some imagined him to be either Mr. Franklin or Mr. Deane.

Friday, Ap[ril] 24. Friday. Dined this day at Mr. Mackening's by invitation, a very genteel entertainment, two chief officers of the troops here, one talked very good English, between three and four I left them.

Sunday, Ap[ril] 26. Saturday and Sunday nothing worthy of remark, save a Sunday morning the head officer paid me a visit for a hour and a half, he appears a sensible man, we had considerable talk. Dined this day Sunday at Mr. Bellons the English interpreter here. He is [a] chattering person, talks tolerable English, after dinner came Couzin Stanbridge and Lady, we [had] tea at Mr. Bellons and tarried till nine o'clock, we supper'd at Couzin Stanbridge's, home half past eleven.

Monday, Apr. 27. Disagreeable weather, felt quite unwell and very heavy, walked much in the morning, after dinner Mrs. Wilmot, the English Lady who lives above stairs, and Couzin Betsy and my-

self went to a convent to see the nuns. It was a hospital for the sick, the one we went to see is second couzin to Betsy. She told us she had not stirr'd out of the door for forty years, and never desired to, she was very cheerful and agreeable, her parents were Protestants and they intended to bring her up in that religion, but about ten years of age she was taken away by force by order of the King, and put into a convent, where she has been ever since. It is very common for Protestant people to have their children taken from them and bro't up in the Romish religion. We tarried here about half an hour, and then home. In the morning I see a topsail vessell coming in, thought it was the packet. Tea this afternoon with Mrs. Wilmot, after tea was over the maid came up and told me two gentlemen wanted me. I went down and found them to be Joy and Johonnot, whom I was very happy to see. They left Brighton last evening at nine o'clock. The news they told me has made me unhappy, they first brought me word I was not likely ever to recover my cloaths again which I had put on board a vessell bound to Nantz, and which was stop'd at Ramsgate, and the other news was a thunder to me, they told me the fate of Mr. Amory which is too much. I cannot continue on this subject. I went with them to the Hotel Desperation.

Tuesday, Ap[ril] 28. Waited on Messrs. J. and J. about the town, into the churches in the afternoon walked to Arck viewed that ancient Castle, returned and tea at Aunt's, they tarried till nine o'clock.

Wednesday, 29, as we intended to set off for Rouen on Thursday, I was obliged to take leave of a number of acquaintance in the morning, we went to St. Jaques at eleven o'clock to see a couple married, the priest spoke so low cou'd not understand a word he said, the two saxtons appear'd to have more to do in the performance than the bride and bridegroom, it keeps us about an hour, Couzin Betsy and Mrs. Wilmot was with us. After called at the Ivory Toy Manufactory, the ivory is very neat, bought a few trifles, din'd at Aunt's, Mr. Joy, Johonnot, Couzin Stanbridge and John din'd there, we had a roast turkey, à la mode beef, plum pudding etc. In the afternoon we all went to the nunnery, were an relation of my Aunt's husband is a nun. This is a hospital, so we were admitted into the room with her, a very sociable, chatty woman. She said she had been in that house forty years, without putting her foot into the street, or even over the threshold of the door.¹ We staid there about half an hour, then to another nunnery, bo't a pin-

¹ I have mentioned this nun⁷ and Hospital in page 21 [supra]. Note by writer of Diary.

cushion, from thence to the Nunnery of Urselines, the Superior of which is an Irish woman Madam Guillea, and talks very good English. Three or four years since she went over to Ireland in disguise to appoint a Superior there, and when she return'd they created her Superior of this Convent. They are chose by ballot by all the nuns every three years. I talked much English with her. From thence to the Franciscan Convent of Friars, then to tea, us men spent the evening with Mr. Michau by his invitation at the Three Sailors Inn near the Exchange, we had a most extravagant and elegant repast, home about twelve, took leave of my Aunt and Couzin, in bed by half after one. Thursday, April 30. Up by six, rozed up Joy and Johonnot. Breakfast over we had each his horse bro't out, mine was a very Bantis horse to the life, we rig'd ourselves, Mr. Openheim, Mr. Joy, Mr. Johonnot and myself. My horse from Dieppe to Rouen which is twelve leagues cost me six livres, eight sous. Provender is found for the horses on the way. I think this the much best manner of travelling, as you have a view of the country, which is beautiful beyond description, and is much the cheapest; we stopped at Fort [blank] six leagues from Dieppe, called half way, we had some soup, very good broil'd pigeons which are amazing plenty, cyder and a bottle of wine, and it cost no more than fifteen sous each, if you give two or three sous to the maid it is sufficient. Our horses were very ill looking creatures, but they carried us tolerable. The country from Dieppe is a garden, and exhibits a continual variety of the most delightful prospects imaginable, the roads good and broad, there appears very few cross roads. Arrived at the *Baton Royal*, in Rouen at five o'clock. We immediately had the perruke called, our hairs trim'd, and went to the Play House with boots and spurs on, the play was called *Mahomet*,¹ I could not understand French and by that means lost the relish of it, the house holds as many people as Drury Lane, and is extremely handsome, much cheaper and well performed, we were in the second best box, and it cost us thirty sous each, as good a place as in the House, the only fault I find is the House is not lighted enough, the play was finished about nine. Supper we had a roast fowl very good and large. The house we are in is very durty, but the provisions they afford us is good, and well dressed.

Friday May 1. Friday morning out by half after ten, viewed the Bridge of Boats which is curious, and elegant, from thence to the Cathedral, an old and venerable pile said to be built by the English. At dinner we had a friend of Mr. Openheim's, at whose house we called, from thence to the Play, see a very good comedy called the

¹ It was probably Voltaire's "Le fanatisme, ou Mahomet le Prophète."

Two Brothers, and an entertainment the Magician. I am very fond of this House, think it a good building, over by nine o'clock. When I came to my lodgings was glad to find my trunk arrived.

Saturday, May 2, 1778. Mr. Openheim's business prevents our leaving Rouen till Monday. The city of Rouen is very large and populous, the houses thick and high, the streets very narrow and extremely durty, about one and a half miles in length, the breadth in the broadest part about a mile; the streets are so narrow, the houses so high, and the people so durty, that it exhibits a large necessary place where all filth is thrown, the smell is intolerable. I think in summer it must breed a sickness, I wou'd not live in it for the world. The widest street is not so good as Thames Street in London, or New Guinea in Boston. The gentleman with us, Mr. Carpentier, computed the number of inhabitants to be one hundred and twenty thousand souls; but I find they are keep in such ignorance with regard to their Government, that in short they appear to know nothing about it. I cannot suppose the inhabitants to be so many, but the houses are so well stored, that I believe they amount to eighty thousand souls, perhaps a hundred thousand. The rain descends by spouts this morning, our house being so disagreeable we had rather be wet and stifled by the stinking smell than remain at home, we stroll'd to see the statue of Joan d'Arck, which is much defaced by time but justly stands in memory of the woman who saved France from a foreign power, it stands in the Marché aux Veaux, the very place were she was burnt by the English in the year 1431. We return'd to our lodgings, were we remain'd the remainder of the day, the rains not permitting our going out. I forgot mentioning that the bell of the Cathedral, called George Amboise's,¹ is ten feet in diameter, and weighs thirty-six thousand pounds; the tongue only they told us weighed nineteen hundred pounds. The greatest curiosity of this city is the Bridge of Boats, two hundred and seventy yards long, paved with stones, which rises and falls with the tide. It was contrived by Nicholas Bougeois, an Augustin Fryar; the boats are placed a broadside of each other, with an exile at each end that runs in a groove made in an immense pile, which is driven into the bed of the River; by these means the boats have only a perpendicular motion; and each boat having a separate pavement solves the difficulty, which staggers belief, at the first mention. On the other side of the bridge is a delightful walk with four rows of trees along the river side, exhibiting a fine prospect of the city, and the small vessels above the Bridge that are drag'd to Paris by horses. One of the boats of the bridge being

¹ Cardinal Georges d'Amboise (1460-1510), or his nephew of the same name.

took out which is not difficult any vessell may pass. The walk before mention'd is one mile in length, on the whole the city of Rouen is a large place, but the most durty narrow streets, stinking people, and uncooth high houses I ever see, and I should think myself very much punished to be obliged to live in it; but the invirons of the city is without doubt pleasant.

Sunday, May 3, a warm muggy day and much rain, dined with Mr. Carpanter, Mr. Openheim's friend, with a genteel dinner. By the little I have seen the French are much more extravagant in their entertainments than the English, having three times the number of dishes of meat, besides desert etc. After dinner in the evening we went to see the Rope Dancers and Tumblers, a little of which satisfied me, and glad was I to come to my lodgings. Hope tomorrow to leave Rouen for Paris, cannot tell in what manner yet, as it depends on the weather.

Monday did intend to set out this morning, but the rain came down so powerful. Mr. Openheim called at the Coach House to take places in the stage which leaves Rouen twelve o'clock at night, and arrives at Paris at six the next evening, called thirty leagues post, but is but twenty-eight leagues. The places being filled we concluded to set off at four o'clock Tuesday morning.

Tuesday, May 5, left Rouen in a boat drawn by a man for Port St. Owen, two leagues, the boat cost forty sous. The wind being against us we went so slow, and it being so cold we were glad to leave the boat and walk when we had been drag'd two miles, break-fasted at Port St. Owen a small durty shabby place, we carried tea with us, either we should not been able to get breakfast. Here we hired horses for Roule, gave two and one-half livres each, here we dined, took fresh horses for Bonnièr[e]s three livres each, six leagues, here we arrived at seven, and now safe moor'd for the night; the road between Rouen and here is a meer garden, paved most part of the way excellently, with room on each side for three carriages with rows of trees on each side, large elms, this scene you can see for miles on a direct line, which with the delightful prospects on each side is beyond idea beautiful, many miles we ride by the side of the River, which increas'd the view; we passed thro' several large towns, but the houses and inhabitants were alike miserable.

Wednesday, May 6, took horses and left Bonnièr[e]s at half past six the horses we took for Poise,¹ ten leagues. A man set of the time we did to bring back the horses, we overtook him three miles from Poise and then determin'd to go as far as St. Germains and told the man to follow us there, who was very willing to on our

¹ Poissy.

promising to satisfy him for his trouble. We arrived St. Germains before two, din'd at the Prince of Wales, the man reach'd us at half past two, only eight hours coming eleven leagues, which is more than four miles an hour very great, as we drew nearer Paris many Noblemen's Seats appear'd, looking very well, the vineyards must be reviving. When the vintage comes on, Normandy makes large quantities of a small red wine, [for] which you give from ten to fifteen and twenty sous per bottle. I think the Inn Keepers are the knavishest sett I ever met with one asked us forty sous for a bottle of wine, thinking us English and thought she might impose on us, but our companion Mr. Openheim, speaking excellent French, and being perfectly acquainted with their ways, made her take fifteen sous for that she asked forty. A stranger need take great care, for he is subject to many impositions, perhaps more here, than any part of Europe. After dinner we walked in the Royal Gardens, and those of the Marq's de Noailles. They are extensive and clever, but not to be compared to Kensington; the Royal Palace is a large and ancient pile of buildings, much gone to decay, the Royal Family never comes here, but it is filled by gentlemen many that left England in the Rebellion of 1745; St. Germains is a large and handsome town, there is much pains taken in improvements, as the nobility and gentry come here from Paris in the summer season on parties of places, there is a large Manufactory of Hoes [hose] and Caps carried on here. When we came to our Inn we see a white Negroe with white wool on her head, that was shown for a sight it was a curiosity, as I never see one before. About five we took a coach and three horses for Paris for which we gave [blank] besides twelve sous each to the coachman always customary, it is called four leagues to Paris, but I believe it to be five. One person keeps coaches for Versailles, Paris, Fontinbleau, Marly, and several other places he farms it, and no one else is allow[ed] to set up a coach. We took the Water Works at Marly in our way, which are admirable and beyond account curious, after viewing them a woman explain'd every thing to us, for which we gave her twenty-four sous. These Works supply Marly, Versailles, St. Germains etc. From hence we proceeded to Paris, our coach was examin'd at Boulon about one league from Paris, here we arrived about eight o'clock, we put up at the place directed to — Rue de Richleu, Hotel d'Orléans, which looks into the Palace Royal Gardens, a most delightful place. We walked in the Garden before bedtime. Vast numbers of people resort here for walking of all kinds.

Thursday, May 7. In the morning I delivered my letters to Mr. Deslandes, who offer'd all the assistance in his power to me

while I was here, we din'd at the Hotel de Bourbon an ordinary with Mr. P. Amiel¹ whom Mr. Joy met in the Garden Royal, the greater part of the afternoon was taken up in getting our trunks from the Custom House; the diligence that comes from Rouen, on its arrival sends its baggage to the Custom House, where the owner must go and sign his name, which is an increase of expense before he can have his trunk. The whole of this day has been taken up in strolling about, in the evening we went to a coffee house, drank some beer, and eat some cake, and then retir'd to rest.

Friday, May 8, as soon as dresst we sent to the coffee house for breakfast. A man brought coffee, bread, butter, and cost us sixteen sous each. We then discharged our lodging, at the amazing price of eight livres each for two nights, we took coach to Passy to visit Dr. Franklin and Mr. Adams when we reach'd Passy we called on Mr. Austin² and Mr. P. Amiel. Mr. Austin inform'd us that Mr. Adams was then gone to be presented to the King by Dr. Franklin. This was a great disappointment to us, as we shall have to go again tomorrow, we dined with Mr. Austin and Mr. Amiel after tea Mr. Jos. Waldo,³ who din'd with us, Mr. Austin, etc. walked towards town, we took the Thuilleries in our way the gardens are very pleasant. After two or three turns, we walked to the Garden Royal from thence home to our new lodgings [for] which we are to give forty two livres per month two chambers etc.

Saturday, May 9, morning we took coach for Passy for which [we] gave six livres, we first waited on Mr. Adams, who receiv'd us very genteelly, but he has not wore off the natural restraint which always was in his behaviour, we tarried with him half an hour, from him we went to Doctor Franklin's apartment, he receiv'd us like children, and behaved to us with all the complaisance and tenderness imaginable, we were above half an hour in free discourse with this venerable man on our departure he desired our company to dinner the next day being Sunday; Doctor Franklin is above the common stature seventy-three years of age with his gray locks, quite fat, in good health, a fine constitution, eats very hearty and enjoys company, in général he is very reserved, but in company, and after

¹ There was a Peter Amiel, a lieutenant in the Continental Navy.

² Jonathan Loring Austin (1748-1826).

³ Joseph Waldo (1722-1816) is described by Sabine as a merchant of Boston and a loyalist. A Joseph Waldo, son of Cornelius Waldo, removed to England in 1783, according to the *New England Hist. Gen. Register*, xviii. 318. A Joseph Waldo married in Boston, in 1762, Mrs. Martha Jones. *Boston Record Commissioners*, xxx. 327; but the *Boston Evening Post*, March 15, 1762, says that she was Miss Martha Jones, eldest daughter of John Jones, a merchant of Boston, a young lady with a handsome fortune.

dinner, he is free and sociable. Mr. Austin who introduced us, told us after we came out we were much honor'd, for he never see the Doctor so free and conversant before. We intended to wait on Mr. Lee,¹ but his being from home, prevented us. We return'd to town in our coach, we dined at a eating house in St. Honoré. The people knowing we were strangers, cheated us intoleraly, the afternoon was employ'd in strolling about.

Sunday, May 10, after we had dresst ourselves, we set out first for Chilot on foot, I could not help laughing to think, that we were walking three miles to see the Ambassadors from the United States of America, but as prudence was our guide, we could not afford to coach it. We called on Mr. Lee at Chilot,² his situation is very pleasant, he was in his garden in his morning dress reading. I never see the gentleman before, neither did he know us, we sent in our names, the servant came back and desired us to walk in to the garden. Mr. Lee receiv'd us very kindly, and enter'd into close conversation for near an hour, from thence (after walking till two o'clock) to his Excellency's Dr. Franklin. He was alone reading, after seeting a little, we took a turn in the Doctor's garden. I think it is as fine a situation as I ever see, and most delightful gar-dens, we were soon join'd by more company, here; we walked till dinner time, some went in and play'd at billards. Our company were, the Doctor, his nephew a young man about twenty-six, his Excellency John Adams Esq'r, a Mr. Milworth and Lady, Mr. Joseph Waldo, formerly of Boston, now belonging to Bristol in England, Mr. Thomas Brattle, Mr. Loring Austin, a French gentle-man, and another stranger I knew not,³ Mr. M. Joy, Mr. F. Johon-not, Mr. Adams' son,⁴ and myself; we had a treat, all was jovial, pleasant and appear'd happy, in the afternoon a number of ladies from the neighbourhood came in, and took us all to walk, in the Bois Boulogne the old Doctor still so fond of the fair sex, that one was not enough for him but he must have one on each side, and all the ladies both old and young were ready to eat him up. On the whole I think him an honor to his country, and it has been much thro' his means that America has so far succeeded in their Inde-pendency. When we arrived at our lodgings we were tired with our day's work, it is curious to think how different we now spend our Sundays to what we formerly did at Boston, then to church all day, and not to walk till after sun sett, now either going to the play, into large company or some amusement to kill time, astonishing

¹ Arthur Lee.

² Chaillot.

³ Written above this phrase is, Mr. Coffin [Francis Coffyn] of Dunkirk.

⁴ John Quincy Adams.

what different customs in different climes. I hope I shall keep fast my integrity in the midst of every temptation, I shall meet with; I suppose there is no country who study pleasure so much as the French, in the Lent time when plays are omitted; the bull baits and other amusements as disagreeable to the sight of a humane person are performed, on Sundays particularly; this nation from the height of superstition are dropping fast to no religion at all, such is the effects of the Romish Priest; Sundays are the greatest day for all kinds of frolicking in the week, the best plays, the best company: the most amusements are on a Sunday. I think when it gets so far it is to the discredit of a nation.

Monday, May 11, Mr. Deslandes called on me at nine, soon after came Mr. Tailor according to order, dressed in a full suit of black and ruffles, his tail wig like our lawyers, full powder'd with a silk chapeau de bra under his arm, such a burlesque is intolerable, however I agreed with him to make me cloaths, afterwards went out bo't linen for shirts etc. We din'd at table de hote de Bourbon, in Rue de Petite Champ, we had a most excellent dinner, seven or eight dishes of meat besides a desert, and a pint bottle of wine before each plate; there are number of tables. When there arrives a table full then the provision is brought up, at our table sat twelve. It cost us two livres three sous each. We had Abbeys [Abbés], Knights of the order of St. Louis, and other great men at dinner with us, many of fashion frequent this house; in the afternoon Mr. Deslandes with us we went to see the Cathedral (Notre Dame) which is a noble, ancient building, built by the English. This is built in form of a cross, one hundred and thirty yards long, forty eight broad, and about forty yards high; the whole supported by one hundred and twenty beautiful pillars, the paintings and figures are grand and casts an awe on the mind at the view of them; a most remarkable figure is on your entering the church at the right hand, a colossal statue of Saint Christopher, carrying the Infant Jesus on his shoulders. This statue is twenty eight feet high, hewn out of a rock; an odd ornament I think for a church. Here you see an equestrian statue of Philip Le Bel, armed cap-à-pie as at the Battle of Mons, which you may probably think as great an impropriety as the holy Giant. The altar is admirable, and beyond my description. The hearts of Louis 13th and 14th are interred in the choir: their statues are in a kneeling posture on the right and left of the grand altar: after seeing every thing worthy of observation below, we ascended to the top, from whence we had a fine view of Paris; and I think it not near so large as London, there is not the least regularity or order in it, but a multitude of houses jumbled

together in a strange manner, very high, with shocking narrow dirty streets, in which if you do not take the utmost care you will certainly be knocked down by the carriages, which are very thick, the gutter being in the middle of the streets, and the sides of the way not the least guarded from the coaches and carts; add that the stones are so slippery you can hardly walk; the streets stinking extremely bad, that in short I think Paris take it all together is a very disagreeable place, and where I shou'd never chose to live. From the Cathedral we stroll'd to the Bouillivard, which surrounds about half the City, with four rows of trees, the middle for coaches, etc. the side path for walkers here resort vast numbers of the inhabitants in the evening, many of them the common people. I can give no account of the numbers here, but it was amazing. All along by the side are coffee houses, and other houses, which are full. I wonder so many frequent this place as I by no means think it an agreeable place, but much filled with dust from the carriages; the other walks and gardens far exceed it. After tireing ourselves very much we retir'd home. I forgot to remark, coming from Rouen we meet with number of waggons loaded with cotton, and drawn by mules, which came from Nants and Marseilles, had been from there a month, an amazing way to convey by land.

Tuesday, May 12, brought a note from his Honor Arthur Lee, Esq'r, desiring our company to dine with him to morrow. The morning was taken up in going to shops and settling with the tailor; we din'd at an eating house by ourselves; then we viewed St. Roch, in Rue St. Honoré from thence to the other side of the River to St. Sulpice, which is a noble church, the pillars without are admirable. They are now rebeautifying it; within are many fine pieces, over the grand altar is a superb piece representing Glory with Cherubins and Seraphins etc., two large shells which contain the holy water was given by Louis the 14th. Over the altar hangs a most superb canopy, and many other things worthy of remark, which I cannot remember. After viewing it in and out, we return'd to lodgings.

Wednesday, May 13th. About twelve o'clock we went over the Bridge to see the Hospital for Invalids, founded by Louis 14th for two hundred Officers and three thousand Soldiers, a noble pile of buildings this. It is surrounded by piazzas, very convenient in rainy weather, but what is most worthy of remark is the Chapel belonging to it, the dome is reckon'd to be the best structure in the City. It would be in vain for me to pretend to describe the paintings on this magnificent dome. The twelve Apostles are drawn with each his instrument of martyrdom in his hand, the cupola

represents an infinite number of saints, and angels adoring the Glory in the center, where St. Louis is offering his crown to God. This dome is surrounded by four smaller ones, but equal in elegance to the large one; one represents the Life of St. Ambrose, and the other three different pieces. The pavement is the choicest marble inlaid with great beauty. The grand altar is supported by six twisted pillars, cover'd with gold, over which is a sumptuous canopy. Before the altar is St. Louis washing the feet of a beggar in embroidery of needle work, the pulpit is gilt in the most superb manner. The Chapel is worthy the observation of every stranger who comes to Paris. After seeing what we thought worthy of notice we crossed the Sein in a boat, took coach at the end of the Thuilleries for his Honor's A. Lee, where we were engaged to dinner. Twelve of us filled the table, all Americans but one. Capt. Emery of Exeter was there, we had an excellent dinner, the conversation was general and on present times. At seven o'clock we took our leave, walked thro' the Elysium Fields, the Thuilleries, to Palace Royal Gardens, between nine and ten we retir'd to our lodgings.

Thursday, May 14, by appointment we mett Capt. Emery in the Palace Royall Gardens at one o'clock to dine together at a table de hotel we went to de Bourbon, Rue Petit Champ, eight Americans together. After dinner we drank a dish of coffee at the coffee house, then to the Italian Comedy, from thence to Wauxhall, joining to the Boulevards, makes a very brilliant appearance. This place is open'd on Thursday and Sundays, from six till ten in the evening, the plays begin at half past five, and finish at eight for the convenience of those who go to Wauxhall. As I never see Vauxhall in London, I do not pretend to determine, but gentlemen who have seen both, say it is in imitation, but vastly inferior to it. The whores are as thick as flies with us in the summer, painted as much as possible. In the middle room was musick and dancing. Here we tarried till ten o'clock, and then retir'd. On the Boulevard are two Play Houses, in which a number of youth of both sexes are educated for the other Play Houses by the King's expence, in these are acted frequently small plays.

Friday we hired a chariot for half a day for which we give twelve livres, a shilling to the coachman, and three livres for his dinner, as we went to Passi, at one we enter'd our carriage, called on Mr. B[r]attle and Mr. Waldo, who were to dine at the same place with us, they in their carriage and we in ours drove to Mr. le Grand's¹ at Passi. Here we found a brilliant company. Mr. le Grand is banker to our Ambassadors, and his purpose, as I understood, was

¹ Ferdinand Grand.

to have all the Americans who were in Paris. Our table was very elegant around which was placed thirty one in number, twenty three of which number were Americans; their Excellencies Benj. Franklin, A. Lee, and John Adams Esq'r, a Mr. Issard,¹ who goes to Tuscany, his Lady and two daughters, Mr. Lloyd and Lady of Charlestown, two Gentlemen, Mr. Fendall² and Mr. Bricko [Briscoe], of Maryland, a nephew of Dr. Franklin, a nephew of Mr. Lee, Mr. Joseph Waldo, and Mr. Tho. Brattle, Dr. Smith of N. York, a Mr. Pringle³ who goes Secretary to Mr. Issard, Mess. Joy, Johonnot and myself, and eleven French. We were very jovial, and pleasure appear'd in every countenance. The house is called de la Chaise, from a story they have of Louis 15th. One time when he was a hunting, he had occasion to ease himself, a person brought him a necessary chair, he said that house shou'd be call'd a Chaise, which it has been ever since, and the statue of Louis 15th on horse back stands always in the garden, the place where this happened, it is copper and small, it was put in the middle of the table. Many after dinner danced, and some play'd at cards, chess, etc. I did not. At six we left the company. Mr. Austin went in our carriage to Town. We immediately stopped at the Italian Opera, near the Palace Royal. The scenes were admirable, the dress elegant, and the musick charming. I was enchanted beyond measure, think I never was so pleased with any thing of the kind in my life. After the play we called on Capt. Emery, were obliged to be at lodgings at nine o'clock, expecting Mr. Openheim to wait on us, he arrived there a little after us.

Saturday, 16 May. at twelve walked to the Place Royal, mett Mr. Emery, and other Americans, we dined together at the table de' hotel St. Thomas, Rue St. Thomas, after drinking cofee at the coffee house we four and Mr. Coffin belonging to Dunkirk enter'd Mr. Emery's coach and to the Luxembourg Palace to view the pictures, some of which are admirable. The Palace is very much gone to decay. The King has given it to his brother the Count de Provence, who intends repairing it. It will cost an immense sight of money. This Palace was built by Mary of Medicis, wife to Henry 4th. The large Gallery is almost filled with paintings relating different stages of her life, (done by Rubens in two years). There are many other pieces in this room, which far excell the other rooms. There are three rooms smaller in which are some good, and many bad pieces. The rooms are open Wednesdays and

¹ Ralph Izard (1742-1804).

² Philip R. Fendall.

³ John Julius Pringle (1753-1843).

Saturdays afternoons till seven in the evening, when any person is admitted gratis. I have observed the gardens before, they are very pleasant. After viewing as long as we chose we drove to the Palace Royall, and from thence to the Thuilleries. It not being agreeable weather, we *afterwards spent the evening in company with Mr. Emery and Capt. Le Mair*.¹

Sunday, May 17. We left our lodgings after one, walk'd in the Palace Royal Gardens, from thence to the Rue St. Thomas to dine, at lodgings in the afternoon, waited on Mr. Waldo and Mr. Brattle in the evening, who was to set out for London same night, we then walk'd thro' the Thuilleries and the Quarter of the Circuit of the City, return'd to lodgings at ten o'clock, very wearied.

Monday May 18. Sent a coach to Passi to fetch Mr. Austin to view a number of places. We set out about twelve o'clock, we first made the Glass Manufactory, Rue de Reuilli. We examined the different stages of the glass which is very curious, from its being ruff to the finishing off. It is brought either from Picardy, or Normandy, were it is first cast ruff, and here goes through the different operations until it is polished, fit for the quick silver which lasts four weeks. They then put it into the magazine; the manner of putting on the quick silver is, they have a small piece of tin the bigness of the glass. This is beat out by a hammer to an almost nothing for thinness; they then lay that on the place on a very smooth slab, they then spread a quantity of quick silver over the tin, the strength of which intirely eats up the tin; after this is done, they lay a strip of paper along the edge on the top of the quick silver, the design of which is, by laying one end of the glass on this paper and pressing it past the paper over the quick silver, leaves exactly the thickness of the paper, of quick silver on the square of tin and under the glass. This remains a certain time till the quicksilver is closed to the glass, and has destroyed the tin, then it is ready to be fram'd. It would take a long time for one to describe the manner of polishing the glass, suffice it to say it is done by rubbing two large pieces of glass together, a great weight on the top, and different kinds of sands between. They have them from ten feet in height in one glass, which is the largest size, down to almost an inch, the prices from six sous to eight thousand livres per piece. This like every manufactory of consequence is engrossed by the King, the manufactory has been one hundred years in being. An old woman conducted us about, we gave her twenty sous, and twelve sous apiece to two men who were working in the rooms. From thence we drove to the Hotel de Monies, alias the Treasury, and

¹ Jacques Le Maire.

Mint. We see the different instruments and hands the money goes through before finished, but as they were not coining, we were deprived of the pleasure of seeing it; the Chapel belonging to it, is very neat, and remarkable for the paintings looking like carved work. It is small, and very plain. This is a fine building. After we had finished here, it was two o'clock, we accordingly order'd our coachman to drive to the table de hotel de Bourbon, price forty two sous, and two sous to the waiter, from thence to the coffee house drank a dish of coffee price five sous. The coach came here for us. We cross[ed] the Ponth Neuf to the Fauxbourg St. Jacques, we passed by a new church not finished, which exhibited a compleat piece of architecture without, but in the inside was not done. We did not alight. We went to the Church of the Carmelites, esteemed the most curious in Paris. Of this order of nuns, the Queen herself was protectress. It is a small Chapel, with a profusion of gilding and painting in imitation of marble. The sides of this Chapel are totally cover'd with pictures of the greatest masters, but the masterpiece of the whole is the picture of the Duchess de la Valiere, mistress to Louis 14th, who had the virtue at thirty years of age to prefer to the arms of a young Monarch, this little Convent, where she retir'd when in the midst of her glory, and continued in it 'till her death which happened thirty six years after. Neither intreaties nor threats cou'd perswade her to return to his arms, and when he threatned to fire the Convent for the sake of getting her, her answer was, it wou'd be a means of freeing the other nuns, for her part she wou'd be burnt in the flames. She is described like a Magdalene weeping with all her jewels at her feet, in the most languishing situation possible. I think I never saw a piece so expressive in my life, it almost drew tears from my eyes. The altar of this Chapel is of silver, the whole ceiling is coverd with paints, in short I never see such a small place so full cover'd in my life. The names of the pictures on the sides I intend mentioning in a future page. From hence we pass to Val de Grace, across the street. It is a grand church, and by many thought to be one of the first in Paris, but I cannot say I am of that opinion. The grand altar is undoubtedly worthy of notice, the canopy of which is a crucifix is supported by six twisted pillars, marble pillars, fixed in an oval form, and ornamented with a gilt wreath; under the canopy the Child Jesus lies in a cloak, with the Virgin on one side, and Joseph on the other, whose looks are expressive of the greatest humility, reverence and affection, these figures are as big as the life in marble, and executed in a masterly manner. There are many other pieces in this church, which I do not recollect. In the same

street is a Convent of English Benedictins¹ — eighteen members. “In this Chapel lies in state” (in the words of a traveller) “that silly Fellow James, not yet buried; for his Followers, as weak as their Master, think that the time will come when his Family shall reign again in Britain. He therefore lies ready to be shipped off for England, to sleep with his Ancestors in Westminster Abbey.” They likewise shew James’ head in wax taken just before his death. There lies another coffin in which is enclosed his daughter Louisa;² the room is hung with escutcheons of his Family. The man who shew us was a Brother and spoke English very well, he did not refuse a present. From thence we stretch’d our selfs to the Sorbonne, it was built by Cardinal Richelieu, in which are appartments for thirty six Doctors, who judge of the orthodoxy of publications. The Church is worth seeing on account of the monument of Cardinal Richelieu supposed to be most expressive anywhere known. In the center of the choir is the tomb. He reclines on a mattress, clothed in a loose robe of inimitable drapery. Religion supports his head, while Science sits weeping at his feet. The figures are as large as life (by Girardon³). The tears from Science’s eyes dropping down appear to be life itself and is inimitable without a doubt. The body of the Cardinal, with the mattress, and the figure of Religion, are all chiselled out of one slab of marble. It being so dark while we were here, we had not an opportunity of seeing the paints. In the Church are many chapels one of which contains entomb’d the Richelieu family. From hence went to the Thuileries, up and down the Gardens. Mr. Austin walked home, and we enter’d our coach and drove home like kings. The paintings in the Chapel of the Carmelites are so worthy of notice, I cannot help mention them here. As you enter on the right side, the first picture is Lazarus rising from the grave by the call of our Saviour (by Champagne⁴) a most admirable piece. The admiration of the multitude is very evident, and the countenance of our Saviour shews the greatest grandeur, sweetness, and humility. The next is the Presentation in the Temple, when Simeon takes the Child Jesus in his arms, and utters those most excellent words “Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy Word, for my eyes have seen thy salvation.” The next is the Adoration of the Wisemen, or as the Romish call it the Three Kings, very fine colours. The

¹ Better known as the English Benedictine church of St. Edmund. The heart, brain and bowels of the late King James II, were distributed among four other institutions, and they and his body have been lost, except what was placed in the parish church of St. Germain.

² Louisa Maria Theresa, d. 1712.

³ François Girardon (1628-1715).

⁴ Phillippe de Champagne (1602-1674).

fourth is the Ascension of Jesus Christ, the astonishment of the spectators is beautiful. The fifth is, the Apostles gathered together, and the cloven tongues on each head. The one nearest the altar is the Birth of Christ, and the Shepperds paying their homage. The innocence of the Infant in the manger, and the delight that appears in the face of Joseph and Mary is great, and worthy of remark. On one side of the altar stands in full length in marble the Prophet Elijah with a raven bringing him meat, on the other side stands in full length St. Teresia in habit of a nun. She was the Foundress of the Convent. These two are fine pieces. On the left is first the Annunciation, the paints are good, the Appearance of our Saviour after his Resurrection, his Conversation with the Woman of Samaria at the Well, his Temptation by the Devil in the Desert, our Saviour entering Jerusalem on an Ass. This picture does credit to the painter. Mary Magdalen washing the Feet of Jesus and wiping them with her Hair, the parable of the five thousand feed with the Loaves and Fishes — these are on the left side. All the pieces are indisputably grand. In one of the little Chapels is Joseph setting and the Angel sent to tell him he must take Mary to wife, while she appears big with Child, his appearance is grand, to think the shame that wou'd come to him on his marr[y]ing a woman with child and not by him. The whole is a collection good, and worth seeing. They have put too much in so small a Chapel, neither on the top nor the sides is there room left for a pin's head. Over the door in marble is Saint Michael driving the Devil from Heaven. I had almost forgot one of the best sights we see this day, the Royal Manufactory called the Gobelins or the Tappetry Manufactury (Faubourg de St. Marcell) which exceeds by far any thing known. The work is admirable, the figures is beyond conception, the colours so bright and the countenances so expressive that it exceeds the picture they take from and which always hangs behind the man at work, and what is most extraordinary they always work on the wrong side. The exactness of the men's hands at the loom is surprizing, all the work is for the King, they are commonly three years about one piece.

Tuesday morning, May 19, paid our respects to the Commissioners at Passi they were all there together in Mr. Adams's apartment, dined at the Hotel de Bourbon. I acquainted the gentlemen with my intention of leaving Paris next week for Nants, from thence to go in the first vessell for Boston, and offer'd my service in carrying any letters, or executing any commands they wou'd please to honor me with. Dr. Franklin told me he shou'd have some letters to send by me. Nothing extraordinary turn'd up to day.

After dinner to the Coffee House de Conty, and then walked in the Thuilleries till after nine; and tho' I have nothing particular to mention of this day's observation, yet as *Yorick* says he is a stupid traveller that goes from Dan to Beersheba, without gaining some knowledge, and having something to say on what he has seen, let it be ever so small, I cou'd not but admire the beautiful prospect of the Statue of Louis 15 in the Thuilleries thro' the great walk, in the evening, and the basin of water with the spout throwing water up a considerable height adds much to the sight. The Place or rather Square of Louis the 15th is at the end of the Thuilleries where his statue stands, he on horseback supported by the four Virtues. It is but an indifferent piece when you draw near it. It is a proverb when a person sees the statue (made by a sailor) that *Vice* is on horse supported by the Virtues on foot. There are but four Squares in this City, Place de Louis 15th, Place Royall, Place des Victoire, and Place Vendôme. The Royall Square is the most ancient, built by Cardinal Richelieu, to perpetuate the memory of Louis 13th, in 1630. It is surrounded with a Piazza, like Covent Garden; in the center is Louis 13th on horse. On the inscriptions which are of white and four is more to perpetuate the name of Richelieu, than of Henry the Just. The next is the Place of Victory in honor of Louis 14th in 1686, with the statue of him on foot, Victory is crowning him with laurels, and four slaves chain'd to the pedestal which supports the statue; the inscription is full of bombast, mentioning victories he never gain'd, of his conquests, which more properly speaking were defeats. The last is Place Vendôme where stands another statue of Louis 14th on horse back. About the middle of the Pont Neuf stands the Statue of Henry the 4th on horse back, his figure is admirable. The people have such veneration for the memory of this Prince, that most of them pull off their hats when they pass his statue. In the middle of this bridge stands a house which is called the Samaritan, and is a reservoir for the water that supplies the City. By what I have heard there are not a dozen fountains in this whole City, so that water is carried about in pails to sell, which must be disagreeable, especially in summer. On passing this bridge it is remarkable you may always see a priest, a whore, and a white horse, this is a common observation, and I often found it verified.

Wednesday morning, May 20, we walked to Passi and dined with a Mr. Parker, in the afternoon took coach for Luxembourg, walked through the rooms, viewed the pictures again, then in the Gardens which I admire, they are extensive and laid out in great taste. The rooms in the Palace of Luxembourg are open'd only Wednesdays,

and Saturdays in the afternoon, when every person is intitled to see the paintings gratis. A man is in the rooms who has to sell for twelve sous a book of the pictures. After walking some time in the Gardens, I went with Mr. Parker to St. Sulpice, a grand building, and not far from Luxembourg, of which I have mention'd before. I parted with the gentlemen at the Pont Neuf, and went to my lodgings. Joy and Johonnot were there before me, they having parted from us, we three walk'd afterwards in the Palace Royall's Garden, and then called on Capt. Le Mair tarried with him about an hour, engaged to breakfast with him on Friday.

Thursday, May 21. Settled with my tailor and woman who made my shirts, met J. and J. in Garden of the Palace between one and two, dined at the Hotel de Bourbon, at Coffee House after dinner, as we come into the French custom of drinking coffee. We then separated, J. and J. went to Passi, I to lodgings, wrote to Blan[chard] and Friend Dowling, in the evening to the Thuilleries and Palace Garden, at lodgings before ten. The Gardens and walks are always full, with company well dress'd.

Friday morning, May 22, eleven o'clock went to the Palace Royall to view the paintings belonging to the Duke of Orleans, the pieces of most of them are admirable. This Palace was built by C. Richelieu, given to Louis 14th and is own'd by the illegitimate race of that King. There are four rooms besides the great gallery; it is sup[posed] to be the first collection in Europe. The number of them are so great that I cannot mention one eight part, a few of the best are the Death of Adonis, Joseph and Potiphar's Wife on brass, the varnish is wonderful, the Virgin, with our Saviour and St. John, esteemed the most capital, (by Raphael) this is a small picture, St. John looking at our Saviour, who stands on a distant mountain, the Baptism of our Saviour, Alexander sitting up, in his bed, with the bowl in his hand, his physician standing by him; the intrepid confidence in the eye of Alexander, and the conscious integrity that marks the countenance of Philip, is remarkable. Venus bathing standing up to the knees only in water, the golden tresses flowing negligently on her neck, by Titian. As a writer says "she is indeed a Goddess; for never was a woman blessed with such symmetry, such beauty. If you may judge of the man from the painter, Titian indisputably had the most wanton imagination of all artists, for you see nakedness in almost every piece of his; but then it [is] such a nakedness that the eye of Modesty would not wish clothed." Many more worthy of notice appear'd, but these suffice for all; the apartments themselves are large, but by no means grand, they are going to decay fast. The Garden joining to this Palace is not large,

but very agreeable where resort multitudes from twelve o'clock to three, and in the evening; dined at the Table d'Hotel Bourbon, Rue Petite Champ; at the Coffee House afterwards; we were at lodgings great part of the afternoon, in the evening we walked to Chaillot, called at Mr. Parker's, he not at home, return'd home by ten after a walk in the Thuilleries.

Saturday, May 23, called on Mr. Witehall, from thence we went to the Louvre. The paintings which are numerous, are old, much abused, and by no means come up to my expectation. The Palace itself is greatly out of repair, and not worthy seeing. This Palace is one of the many pieces of extraordinary things which Louis 14th begun and never finished. Dined at Hotel Bourbon, and Coffee House, in the afternoon we strolled about, to a number of churches in some we found good paintings, and in some bad. The Assumption, which belongs to a Convent of forty Nuns, we by holding the curtain a[t] one side, (before the grate, which divides the women's apartment from the Church) see the Nuns at prayers, this Church is round and points up with a dome, there are some good paintings in it, but all the Churches bear such a resemblance, that when one sees Notre Dam[e], St. Sulpice, Geneva, the Chapel of the Carmelites, he sees all in a manner. After we had strolled much about, we return'd to lodgings, to provide to go to Versailles to morrow.

Sunday, May 24. As we had engaged a coach on Saturday evening to be at our lodgings at five o'clock this morning we were up and ready, no coach came till eight. All that time we waited, and were very tired. We set out for Chaillot to take up Mr. Parker and another gentleman, but our horses were so bad we dismissed the coach. What to do we did not know, three miles from Town, such numbers of people gone to Versailles and Marly, most of the coaches were taken, and near ten o'clock. However at last the landlord of the House found us a coach, we got off about half way when we were obliged to stop for passport, otherwise we could not go to Versailles in that coach, had much difficulty in getting a passport, as it was a hackney coach we were in, and they will not allow any to go from Paris to Versailles. We proved we took the coach at Chaillot, on account of the one we had not answering, and a gentleman who was in the office speaking English, when the coachman got his permit he gave six livres for it the rules. We reach Versailles between twelve and one, we immediately procured a coach for Marly, the fare thirty sous each person, and we gave the coachman twenty four sous amongst us; we found we were not likely to see the King and Queen till after four, and that only passing from the Palace to Chapel, we went to dinner in a House before the Palace,

and had the honor of dining with valets de chambres, shoe makers, tailors, etc. belonging to Court. We had no idea what company we were going to, but when we had enter'd we cou'd not retire. We found we cou'd not enter the Chapel, and we had to return to Versailles to see the Palace and Gardens. We were fearful we shou'd not see the King however we kept by the Palace, see the King's two Aunts go to their coaches, they look in years, very plain dress'd and very homely; their coaches were drawn by eight fine horses; between four [and] five o'clock came the King, the Count de Provence, and the Count de Artois, with others of the nobility. I did not know who they were. I was near the King, and had a tolerable view of him, he is a homely man with a large nose, and very ruff face. If I did not know his age, I shou'd have thought him near forty. The Count d'Artois is comely looking young man. They passed into the Chapel, were many dignified clergymen were not admitted. One I see with half a dozen stars I believe about him, who conducted the King to the Chapel, did not go into the Chapel, but kneel'd down in the Porch; about a quarter of an hour after the King passed by the Queen with a number of her Ladies, the Countess de Provence, Countess d'Artois etc. The Queen is tall, a good looking woman, but I do not join with many to think she is very handsome. The Queen did not appear to paint much, the Ladies were shockingly colour'd up. I must suppose it hurts the skin greatly. As ever she enter'd the Chapel the croud rush'd in to the Palace, (which is very small and but a box). This is a privilege every one is allow'd, when the King is not there, to stroll about from one apartment to another, and which it's said wou'd be dangerous to deprive them off. The Palace of Versailles is the same. This small privilege they have for those invaluable rights which they are deprived of. We had walk'd thro' the House before, and as our time was short did not chuse to go over it, we walked round the gardens, parks etc. which are beautiful, and beyond description, the prospect over the country, the basons of water playing, the statues, falls of water, grottos, all exhibits the most romantic scene, and most pleasant I ever see. After staying as long as time wou'd permit we took coach at five o'clock for Versailles. When we arrived we had a conductor, to shew us the Palace, it is esteem'd one of the first buildings in Europe. It is certainly an amazing pile, but prodigiously out of repair, the inside is by no means equal to what a palace of the King's should be, most of the apartments are very durty, their Majesties bed and dressing rooms are tolerable, but I cannot say I think there is that elegance there ought to be. There is a fine picture of Louis 15th in full length, work't in tapestry, likewise the Em-

peror of Germany in tapestry, and the Queen's Mother. We see the Palace at a disadvantage, as the workmen were repairing and cleaning it, and not before it wanted, many of the apartments stunk intolerably. The Count D'Artois lodges in the range of apartments. From hence we went to the Halls of Treaties, a range of neat rooms, where all the treaties are keep, these are very neat, here hangs the pictures of all the Prin[c]ess of Europe. We viewed the Opera House, liked it much, the Grand Gallery being in confusion, the pictures down, the workmen cleaning it, they told us its present state it was not worth seeing, the Chapel being shut, and I believe we did not apply to a proper person, so we were deprived [of] seeing it. The stables are in two parts, and are a noble pile, in short, the situation and view of the Palace and buildings belonging to it appear grand, and majestic without doubt. The Gardens which we next enter'd are without doubt grand, and are not to be paralleled: as all the beautiful models that Italy, or the world could produce were consulted to make them complete; the Water Works especially must be superb when they play, which is only at the time when the King is here. Marble and copper statues spouts up water in different forms which falls into marble basons of exquisite workmanship. The Fountain of Pyramid, the Cascades, the Water Alley, the Water Bower, the Triumphal Arch, the Pavillion Fountain, the Theatre, and Apollo's Bason, where Louis 14th is represented under the character of that god, just come out of the bath, and six of his favorite ladies assisting him with linen etc. are exquisite that nothing but a view can raise an adequate idea of their various beauties: the groves, grottos, labyrinth, and orangery, are all finely contrived. The grand canal is 1600 yards long. Such was the ambition, such the extravagance, and such the pride of Louis the 14th who built this as well as all the palaces; that he undertook buildings he cou'd not finish (for instant the Louvre) and those he did finish, they cost the Crown such immense sums of money to keep them in repair, that they rather the Palaces shou'd go to decay, and I may say they cannot afford to keep them in that repair they ought to be in; the water here and at Marly is supplied from the Works at two leagues distant from each place. These are called the Water Works of Marly, and they annually cost the King for keeping them in repair twenty five thousand pounds sterling. A prodigious number of people were walking in the Gardens, and amusing themselves in the Park at different games. The company on Sundays far exceeds any other day, as this day is intirely devoted to pleasure by all ranks and conditions. We had not time to walk about the town. It appears to be very pleasantly situated. After refreshing ourselves with

cake and wine, we took coach for Paris, we had four horses, it was about nine o'clock when we left Versailles, the fare, three livres, ten sous each, and twelve sous each to the coachman; Stage coaches goes from the Bureau near the Pont Neuf, Fauxbourg St. Germain, every hour on Sundays to Versailles and Marly, and when there is four persons, that is a coach full, they can oblige the coachman to go at a minute's warning. I wou'd advise those that go to chuse this way rather than hire a coach for the day, for here you may be sure of going with expedition, whereas if you hire a coach for the day, you stand a great chance of having bad horses as was our case: As every one goes on a Sunday, and strangers want to see the King and Queen, and Versailles, and Marly, if the King is at Marly, which is about six weeks, at this time of the year, I wou'd advise to go to Versailles first, dine there, see every thing worthy of remark before dinner, and as soon as dinner is over take coach for Marly, when they will have a good opportunity of seeing their Majesties going to the Chapel, and perhaps walking in the Garden: we reach home about eleven o'clock. I cannot but observe that we see amazing crouds of people walking as we came from Marly to Versailles, and from Versailles to town, all along the road, the numbers beyond all account.

Monday morning, May 25, rain for the first time since I have been in Paris, did not go out till two o'clock, to dinner at Hotel Bourbon, and then to Coffee House, walk to the Bureau and engaged a seat in the coach for Nants to go Thursday night twelve o'clock. Gave thirty-six livres for earnest, return'd home at seven o'clock, and did not go out again for the night.

Tuesday, May 26. As soon as I cou'd get out after breakfast, I walked to Passi called at Dr. Franklin's and Mr. Adams; did not find them at home — gone to St. Germain, likewise Mr. Lee. I was sorry as I intended acquainting them of my leaving Nants on Thursday. I left a card with each. From thence I walked back moderately to the Palace Royall Gardens, Johonnot was there, soon came in Joy. We directly went to dinner at Hotel Bourbon, after dinner at the Coffee House, in the afternoon called on the Bankers to procure money for a bill I had, then to the General Hospital, walked thro' many apartments, see some poor miserable creatures drawing their last breath, and others in different stages of sickness. Every thing was very clean, all I disliked in it was many lay three in a bed; this is a hospital for every one who being sick chuses to be put in it, they say the number in it often amounts to ten thousand; We also attempted to get admittance to the Foundling Hospital, but could not, it is a large Foundation. In the year

1776 was carried to this Hospital 6000 children, so that it appears that one-third part of the children born in this City are natural children, amazing, but not so much so when one reflects on the number of common women there are here, it is an observation among themselves, that every other woman they meet belongs to that class. We stroll'd about from street to street thro' this disagreeable City till dark, and then to the Palace Royall Gardens, afterwards called at Mr. Coffin's lodgings, (of Dunkirk) and then to our own lodgings. I cannot but observe here how little the shop keepers attend to their word, and how little they care for their own credit, for if a stranger goes to buy any thing, it is a great chance if he is not cheated, for the price they ask you, you must have no attention, if you offer them one half of what they ask, you may be sure to offer the full value of it if not too much. The other day I stopped at a shop to purchase a trunk the man asked me fifteen livres for it. I offer'd him ten for it, he did not hesitate long, but took it, and if I had offer'd eight it wou'd have been all the same, tho' I did not pay dear for it; on their asking a price for a thing, and offering what you think it is worth in Paris, (for some articles you can purchase cheaper here than in London, viz. silk hose, and silks of all kinds, cambricks, shoes, etc.) you will make as if you intended to leave the shop. The best of silk hoes double heel, Paris manufactor, twelve or thirteen livres, the best of shoes they make four livre, ten sous. I will be whipt if they let you go. A thing of remark is the politeness and delicacy of the French of both sexes, and these may both go under one head. I have heard a woman of character talk freer on a subject of not the greatest delicacy, than I shou'd have thought the sex was capable. I have seen a man at the table de hotel were we dine, take his knive he eat his dinner with, and scrape his face all over, as if he was a shaving himself with it, and at another time stur his snuff round with the same knive, and directly after cut a piece of meat with it. The language of the women of character before the men is surprising free. I have seen a man well dresst with his bag, laced vestcoat, and ruffles of lace turn down his breeches before all the company in the Luxembourg Gardens. A gentleman wou'd think nothing of helping you to meat with his fingers instead of forks, and a common thing is to make a fork of fingers when he cuts up meat. The insides of their houses is shockingly durty, the stairs they never pretend to wash. I dare say most all the houses never think of cleaning their stairs, and that they never have been done since the building of the house, every part is alike filthy. Even in the Piazzas and courts and entries of the palaces you will see the drop-

pings of a man in every corner, and such a stinck you will be obliged to hold your nose. The streets are quite as bad, so very narrow, the gutters in the middle, and such numbers of carriages passing, that it is with the utmost difficulty a person can walk. The sides of the street are not parted by posts from the middle, but the carriages if you do not take great care will run over you; they tell me that in winter many persons are run over and killed by the carriages. Paris on the whole is a very disagreeable place. There is not one quarter of the lamps there is in London, and those in the middle of the streets, and the shops for the most part make no better appearance than ours in Boston — in short I think a man must be distracted to compare Paris with London.

Wednesday morning, May 27, paid my address to the Commissioners, receiv'd letters from Mr. Adams to his family, the Doctor's letters were not ready, called on Mr. Austin, and thence to Town, dined at the table de Hotel Bourbon, Rue Petite Champ, at the Coffee House after dinner. As it rain'd cou'd not walk about but retir'd to our lodgings. I wrote to Dieppe.

Thursday morning was taken up in preparing my cloaths and other things for Nants, dined at the table Hotel de Bourbon, in the afternoon carried our baggage to the Bureau de Diligence of Nants, Rue D'enfer set of in the coach at twelve o'clock at night, eight passengers, a disagreeable time to set out. At day light, half past two, discover'd our company was a curious scene, one a nodding this way, and another that way, but the beautiful prospect of the country roused the whole. Our set were Mr. Barker of North Carolina, born in Plymouth, Massachusetts, Mr. Stewart of Virginia, a young lady, an old Chevallier, an odd character who I believe was a spy from the French Ministry by his actions, a very sensible man and not a bad companion another gentleman, Mr. Johonnot and myself. We breakfasted at [blank], arrived at Chartres at twelve o'clock, twenty-two leagues from Paris, set out at half past two, put up at La Loupe for night twenty-eight leagues. We were obliged to leave Chartres by three o'clock Saturday morning, we found our company very agreeable. Mr. Barker I was much pleased with, a sensible, sedate, sociable man, and each one exhibited very droll characters. At ten o'clock we breakfasted at Bellême here we left the Chevaillier, a worthy old gentleman, who I respected much, we took up a priest. At seven in the evening arrived at Le Mans, a large and very handsome town, I was pleased with it. The provision on the road in general very good, and tolerable dressst, we wou'd have soup and bully, which is an everlasting dish, roast veal, poulet, pigeons roasted, peas sallad, a desert of

cream, almonds and raisons, and cake with half a bottle of wine a man, and a bed each, for forty five sous each person. We left Le Mans at half past one Sunday morning. Le Mans is a very large town, and the Capital of the Province of that name. We breakfasted at La Flèche, departed from La Flèche about ten, and reach Angers at half past four in the afternoon. Before I depart from this City I must mention relating my coming in the coach, as a warning for all persons when they go for Nants from Paris in the stage, to pay for no further than Angers, as there the coach stopps; when I went to the Bureau in Paris, as I was a stranger I was obliged to depend on the people there too much, I paid by their order, (10 li. being allowed in baggage), I paid 4 sous 9 denier per m. from Paris to Nants. I also paid 73 livres, 18 sous for my fair from Paris to Nants, 58 livres is the fair from Paris to Angers, if I only paid that, it wou'd been well, and I shou'd have been at liberty to go what way I chose from Angers to Nants, (a conductor goes with the carriage with six and sometimes eight horses, you give to the conductor about half a crown each, the post boys as they change, which is irregular, sometimes in two leagues sometimes in four, you give four or five sou, or nothing as you please). But it being thus, when we arrived at Angers, which was the middle of the afternoon, we were in hopes of setting of immediately, they told us at the Bureau we should not set of till next morning, and not to reach Nants under a day and a half when we might with ease compleat it in one day. Monday morning Mr. Barker, Mr. Steward, Johonnot and myself were stuck in a cabriola, with three horses, a man on one, and what was most provoking the horses did not go faster than the walk all the way. Angers is the Capital of the Province of Anjou and a large city. Monday morning left Anger at six o'clock, breakfasted at St. George; dined at [blank,] supped and lodged at Ancenis, left Ancenis Tuesday morning at five, arrived at Nants at two, went to the Hotel St. Julian were we dined. Nants is about ninety three French leagues from Paris, and is in the Province of Bretagne south west from Paris on the River Loire about ten leagues from the Sea; ships must unload before they come up, there being but nine foot of water oposite the Town. The Town is large and very pleasant. They tell you it contains one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants. I suppose if you deduct one third, it may be near the number. The face of the country from Paris to Nants is most beautiful affording to the eye one continual variety of every thing delightful, and the roads were so fine that I am much pleased with the country.

Wednesday morning, June 3, was taken up in looking after a

lodging, and procuring my trunks from the Bureau, for when we reach Anger we were obliged to leave our trunks to go by the waggon, and the keys with them to be examined on the road. We found our things in order, dined with Mr. Johnson,¹ a gentleman who belongs to Maryland, he has his family here, tea there, eight in number set down at table all Americans, but Mrs. Johnson, at new lodgings by eight.

Thursday. We had breakfast in our own chamber, dined at Madam Bouchers with a number of Americans, she keeps boarders, give her forty sous per dinner. Most of the Americans here belong to the Southward. I was much disappointed in finding none of our northern gentry here. Nants is a place of very large trade and is certainly a pleasant place. The day before I arrived, the Frigate *Providence*, Capt. Whipple,² came here from Providence after she had run the fire of the Fleet at Newport. I can learn no news from home, but that they are in good spirits, and that the necessities of life were growing cheaper fast.

Friday and Saturday dined at our Club in the afternoon tea at Mr. Johnson's, she is a very pretty woman. I strolled in the Wood Dilonia, a romantic place and appears form'd to pour out the tender strains of love, in short all France is one continual grotto, grove, alcove, and pleasant walk, and altogether calculated for the pleasure of man, a plenty of every luxury of life you may see on their tables, and I repeat, what I have before said, that if the Constitution was free, the people their own masters and not governed by their priests, it wou'd be the greatest Kingdom, by far in the known world, but that Being who pours in on us the blessings of this life with a bountiful hand, restrains his hand for fear least we make a wrong use of the kindnesses we receive from him, we mortals must not expect happiness here without an alloy seeing no one of the human race were ever exempt from the misfortunes and troubles of this life; It is for a good end that we meet with crosses and disappointments in our course; that we may put a just estimate and value on those blessings we receive from our Maker for the greatest happiness we receive here, without a mixture with it, would loose half its value.

Sunday, June 7, 1778. A state of suspense of all others is the most disagreeable and a person in my present situation wou'd call all the curses (that ever Tristram Shandy made against Obadiah,) on the heads of those that were originally the causes of the present

¹ Joshua Johnson, a brother of Thomas Johnson, Jr., of Maryland. His daughter was the wife of John Quincy Adams.

² Abraham Whipple (1733-1829).

Unhappy Affairs, wou'd it affect any thing; now I have reached Nants there appears no more probability of getting home than six months past. A week before I arrived, sail'd a number for Boston, and my ill luck wou'd make loose an opportunity which I may not have renewed for months to come, unhappy me, one continual run of misfortunes, attend me wherever I go. I hope to have patience to pass through my trials with fortitude, and resignation to the Superior Power.

Monday and Tuesday produced nothing worthy of notice, we concluded to go to Painbeuf the next day ten leagues from Nants to see Capt. Whipple, and the *Providence* Frigate; accordingly on Wednesday morning June 10, we, that is a Capt. Lunn from Virginia, Johonnot and myself set off on horse back at half past seven, we stopped on the road once, reached Painbeuf at two. We that afternoon went on board the Frigate, with which I was much pleased, we drank tea and coffee there, tarried till nine, got the old Capt. half seazed over, bro't him ashore to our lodgings, Madam Venders-luise. We met on board a gentleman by name Kar Michael, a Scotchman, who was a hearty rebel in 1745, and quitted his country on that account, brags much of his cause, he is very sociable. The Capt. insisted on us all dining with him on Thursday, we went at twelve o'clock, had a very good dinner, and was very cheerful, staid to tea, and then retir'd. The Capt. appeared happy with a number of his countrymen around, and urged our coming to see him soon again; Mr. Kar Michael, who lives at Pelrain, half way between Nants and Painbeuf, insisted on our stopping to dine at his house on our return.

Friday morning left Painbeuf at nine, reach'd Pelrain at twelve, the old gentleman was very glad to see us. He has two daughters born in France, who speak good English. Here we dined, it being Friday we had only fish, but fresh and good. It is very pleasantly situated with the River in view; we left these agreeable people at three o'clock, extreem warm ride we had; reach'd Nants six. On Tuesday last wrote to Mr. Dowling: and sent it by post. Painbeuf is the place were the shipping lays as there is not depth of water sufficient at Nants, ten leagues distant from Nants, the Road is very safe for a great number of ships. Here a sloop of war generally keeps at anchor.

Saturday up about nine, breakfast, get our hair dress'd about twelve, and commonly go on the Exchange by one. Here a vast number of men are collected of various denominations, some for business, but more I believe for pleasure, from twelve till half past one, when dinner calls them, as it does me, from thence we went to

Madam Boucher's, were we meet a number of well breed genteel men, three or four Americans. At three we left Madam Boucher's for the Bois Deloni a most agreeable walk, found a douz or fifteen Americans most of them seamen, a racing, jumping, etc. At five we stroll'd to our lodgings had a dish of tea, then to walk on the Exchange, Cour, etc. till nine o'clock, this finishing the day. In mentioning one day, I mention every day, so much alike do we spend time.

Sunday, June 14. How very different the customs and manners of one nation are from another, what in one Kingdom is reckon'd death, in another is esteem'd laudable, and a character, that in one nation wou'd be applauded to the skies, in another is condemned to condeign punishment, we mortal creatures are not able to account the reason the supreme Being made such various notions and ideas in the world, and happy is it for us we are not. This day of all others in the week is the most keep for festivity, rejoicing, and all manner of diversions, all the walks are filled with high and low, rich and poor, many kinds of plays and amusements are on this day. In one place by the multitude, you may see a Quack Doctor displaying forth his abilities, and offers to serve the poor gratis, in another quarter, a man who pretends to drive a nail through the head of a sheep, and curing the sheep immediately. Again a man mounted on a stool displaying to the simple multitude his abilities in musick, in another place a man and woman on horse back singing, or repeating some ballad, and many more as ludicrous and silly as those and then to believe, which is a truth, that the King maintains these people for the very purposes. I can give no reason for it but this, that on every holiday and Sunday these amusements keep the common people from thinking, and looking into their religion and constitution which are much alike, for the same Monarchy and Arbitrarium reigns in one as in the other — poor creatures, they are happy because they know not their own misery. A time will come, when their eyes will be open, and they see plainly those obsticales which now so much depress them. Dined at Madam Boucher's, Capt. Lunn drank tea with us, walked in the evening, at lodgings by nine.

Monday and Tuesday, June 15-16, the number of Americans here some thing consolatae for my not being able to get a passage. I this day had the pleasure of a letter from Brother Taylor dated N. Y. March 8, he had receiv'd accounts of my good Father's departure from mortal to immortality, mentions poor Mr. A.¹ Patty was very poorly, confined to her chamber a long time, she had not received

¹ Amory.

the disagreeable news, fear it will be too much for her tender nature. Such is the present unhappiness of our family, a family which misfortune sticks close to. Oh Gracious Being, may thy Infinite Wisdom fit and prepare me for every event in this life, and for a departure from it to a better. I likewise at the same time received a letter from Couz: G. Greene dated Antigua Oct'r 1777 which sent to N. Y. and forwarded to England by G. T. my Friend Blanchard sent them to me from London. Such a sameness marks every day, that I have nothing to remark, am sick of France, the people and their manners. At present not one opportunity offers for our State, all for the Carolinas, an expence I cannot think of. This day, Tuesday, Capt. Lunn, a worthy young man breakfasted with us, we tea'd with him.

Wednesday at old Place of Parade for dinner, in the afternoon at the four Nation Coffee House at billiards, called on Mr. Kelly, an Irish Abbé, agreed with him to teach us a month French, for a guinea each twice a day. He appears very jolly and sociable. He mention'd the grand procession to be to morrow. Lunn drank tea with us, walked on the Bourse, or Exchange, the ladies always collecting there in the evening.

Thursday, June 18. This day in the Romish Church is the first Feast in the year, and kept accordingly, in French it is called Fête Dieu, in the English calendar Corpus Christi. It is not taken notice of in Protestant countries. A procession of this nature being new, we determined seeing it; we breakfasted with Capt. Lunn, us three set out, like children to see a Poppet Shew. The shops all shut, all *servile labours* omitted, the streets were thronged with the lower class of people mostly, the numbers were immense, and as we drew near the Cathedral, the thicker the crowd, the procession was to begin at the Cathedral. We enter'd, found our Abbé among the crowd, he told us that was not the place for sight, but we must either get into a house, or a good place in a street through which they were to pass and added that this day we should see numbers of *useless beings*, so little do the priests themselves believe in the numerous rites and ceremonies of the Church of Rome. We placed ourselves very well, close to one of the resting places for the God, (which is exposse'd this day) the place built like a pyramid, very much ornamented. The procession was first the different companies of the City, such as haberdashers, woollen, Linen Merchants, etc., all with wax tapers (not burning) then followed ten or fifteen large machines, pyramid-fashion, carried on men's shoulders, with drums beating, fifes playing, etc. The next were the councillors, lawyers, etc., friers and abbots of different orders, some of the

friers look'd droll enough, and would have excited much laughter, had I dared, then the curates, the crosses, banners, superior order of priests, the Host, frankincense, etc., then the bishop, and a few priests of the highest order. They had a band of musick, and kept singing most of the time. When they came to this resting place for their God (of which there was a number in different streets through which they passed) they stopped, repeated a Mass for the occasion, and shew the God to all the people. I was obliged to kneel down in the street while the priest was blessing the people with the Host in his hand, the windows of the houses all around were filled with ladies, some very handsome. Every one stuck before their houses the best pieces of tapestry they had; from the tops of the houses on one side the way, to the tops of the houses on the opposite, canvas was hung, to keep the sun from the procession, and those in the windows threw rose leaves in abundance on the heads of those passing, the whole was comic enough, and answers to shew the superstition of the Romish countries. Capt. Lunn counted upwards of four hundred priests and friers. This ceremony is performed in every town in France. At Angers about sixty miles from here, three thousand priests walk. How much better if seven eights of these priests served the King in the Army, or Navy, that wou'd be doing good to their country, but at present all they do is to endeavour to deceive, and keep in error their fellow creatures and to be examples of the greatest debauchery and most licentious lives. The eyes of the French begin to open with regard to religion, the King this year, I understand, has taken six feast days from the Calendar. They proceed as fast as prudence will permit to throw off the many superstitions they use. Six or eight months past the priests fear'd an entire alteration in religion, they were obliged to take great pains to prevent it. If I say there was twenty thousand people to see this show, I believe I speak within bounds. Lunn tea with us.

Friday and Saturday old tenor. Sunday, June 21. I must join with the people here in doing something on this day, believe that writing must supply another employment. I did not leave my chamber untill half past one, the time of dinner. Had an addition of two new gentlemen at our table lately from England, the one an American, the other an Englishman going to America. I drank tea with Mr. Briskco a gentleman from Maryland, after tea we walked to the *Cour*, an extreem pleasant walk, has a most delightful prospect of the country across the River. The crouds of men, women and children which were recreating themselves as usual on this day were amazing, it seems as if the Sabath was solely a day of diversion and play. The Cour and the Exchange were both very much

thronged with ladies, many very handsome, and much dressed. I think I have seen more fine looking women here than in any place I ever was in, but my thoughts are always at home were my presence is so necessary. The idea of the different scene I shall behold on my arrival, formerly, a Parent, with sisters, and a house to go to, now all dead, family broke up, and myself very probable will be obliged to put up at an Inn. Alas me, what will happen next, God only knows.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nothing worthy of remark happened save the account of an English and French Frigate firing pop guns at each other, the French came off second best. This was in the Bay. It being the first engagement suppose a warr will follow soon. I think it has been keep off a long while, neither side being in a condition for a Declaration, the British having more than they can master with the Americans, and the French they always think of former warrs and fear the approach of another. The people here are so ignorant of their state affairs, that there is no such thing as learning the state of their Navy, but believe from what little I pick up it is in a better state than ever it was before for warr. The British at present swarm the seas with their castles. Admiral Keppell is a cruizing with twenty-two Ships of the Line under him, and Byron with fourteen Ships of the Line under him, besides the large Fleet in America and other stations, an amazing Navy equal to all Europe by sea. War seems inevitable, what will be the end God only knows.

Saturday. I went in company with Mr. Fendall and Abbé Kelly, an Irish Priest (my French Master) to [blank] a village twelve miles from hence where we dined at the Inn, a shocking place. Abbé Murphy, uncle to Mr. Kelly, waited on us, we walked about the town, a very indifferent place. Mr. Fendall came to find a place to learn French in. The Abbé is a hearty fellow and good companion who loves to crack his jokes, and speaks very free on many *subjects*. By his account I learn that the priests are the most dissolute sett of people in the Kingdom, and the most debauched morals, and their being prohibited marriage is one great inlet to their immorality. Strange and unaccountable, that those who by their orders are for to instruct mankind in their duty, and lead them to Heaven, they who at their consecration makes the most solemn oaths at the altar to the Supreme Being, of chastity, morality and every virtue to intitle them to be the head of a flock, that they who are enlightened by revelation and devoted entirely to the service of God, that they shou'd be so wanting of that morality which even the heathens keep sacred, such is the religion

of the first Christian Country and the greatest part in Europe, that the priests believe not a word in the service they perform. That Providence whose goodness is over all his works, he sees, and knows, and in his hands I leave those things which to me are hard to be understood. On Sunday we dined at a ladies in the town, had a genteel dinner, and very politely received, after dinner went to cards, the priests set the example, and it appeared more like a public day of rejoicing, than of devotion. Mr. Murphy is Chaplain to this lady. About six we returned to lodgings.

Monday morning about ten o'clock set off on foot for the River to go to Nants in a boat, walked about six miles. When enter'd the boat row'd by two men the wind, it soon rain'd very hard. After reaching one leag: we were obliged to stop to dinner. By the time we return'd to the boat the men were so much in liquor that they were unable to guide the boat tho' we were in the stream, she went from one side of the River to the other (about half a mile broad) twenty times. We thought ourselves happy to get on shore and walk to Nants about five miles were we arrived at six o'clock evening. We spent three days very agreeably and found the Abbe extreemly agreeable. Such a sameness every day happens, that I am not furnished with wrting. Have at last concluded to go in the *Providence* Frigate, Abraham Whipple Commander, who sails the last of July.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Arrived a vessell Friday, July 3, in twenty-four days from Maryland, which brings accounts that G. Howe is blocked by Gen. Washington, that How had made two or three sallies from Philadelphia, but was driven back with loss, that he was attempting, when the last came, to ship all his troops, but it was supposed the whole army wou'd be taken prisoners — a great affair if it can be effected, as it wou'd intirely finish the land war. To morrow we expect to commemorate the Aniversary of our Independence being July 4, on the plain field, the other side the River, oposite the *force*.

Saturday, July 4, 1778, being the Aniversary of our Independence we all by appointment were to dine on the field under a tent which was pitched for that purpose. We invited a number of French gentlemen of the town. I went over between two and three. Mr. P. Amiel and Mr. Grubb were undertakers. We had as genteel a dinner as cou'd be dress'd and our company was equal. We mustered upwards of sixty about twenty-five of which were Americans, the remainder gentlemen belonging to Nants. At one end of the tent flying was American colours at the other end French. The cannon which we had on the occasion resounded at every toast,

and a most excellent band of music join'd their peal on the day. In the middle of the table was stuck the colours of the united States, and Capt. Abraham Whipple of the Frigate *Providence* headed the table. He generously sign'd two hundred livres, so also did Mr. Sweighauser,¹ our Continental Agent here, Mr. Peret gave fifty bottles of Champaign and fifty bottles of Burgundy. After dinner thirteen toasts were drank. The United Americans, the Congress and the King of France began, the remainder follow in course. Here we tarried till eight o'clock, many were very drunk. I think I never see Champaign fly so before, almost as much lost as drank. Many who tarried after me brought the music over to Madam McCarteys, and keep it up till three o'clock Sunday morning.

Sunday, July 5. Dined this day with Capt. Whipple at M'd McCarteys. Capt. Whipple intends leaving France by the 20th inst. I am concluded to go with him.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, July 9. This week I am employ'd in buying necessaries for my voyage, cloathing for myself etc. Johonnot received a letter from Joy from Lisle in which he mentions my chest of cloaths being recover'd and will be sent by first opportunity, very agreeable news to me. The more I see of France the less I think of there being a large trade between them and us, they are no way calculated, manners and customs so different, not able, or not willing to give a credit to us, and the prices of their goods being so much more than what we used to give that it cannot be, we must return mostly into our old channel of trade as soon as peace with G. B. commences which will not be many years first; the last news from America were that Clinton was withdrawing his troops from Philadelphia as fast as possible, supposed to be going to the West Indies, many reports about Count Destan, but without foundation. Preparation for warr goes on very fast here, commissions are giving for privateers, merchant ships are taking up for transports, all kinds of people are taking for Army and Navy, and yet not the least noise, discontent or uneasiness is heard, but all pleased, calm, and quiet. Such is the effect of this Government, if the King wants men, as he has every subject's name register'd, it is only sending, and they dare as well die as not go. The French at present are very happy, that tho' they have a weak Prince, which they certainly have; yet he has had so much sense as to chuse the best Minister at the head of affairs, that France ever had, *Sartin*.² Heard of a resolve past in

¹ John Daniel Schweighauser, commercial agent of the United States at Nantes.

² Antoine Raymond Jean Gualbert Gabriel de Sartine (1729-1801).

Congress in April last ¹ giving leave for all persons who left Boston with G. Howe to return home, provided they first deliver themselves up to an Officier either civil or military and sign his allegiance to this before the June 9 [10]th following.

Friday, July 10. I this day was at a calico printers in, bot. a piece of calico, a large store keep by Germans, who I find are the honestest people to deal with here, and there are many settled here; called at various shops to purchase, tea with Mr. Briskoe;

Saturday, July 11, after dinner Mr. Kelly and a friend of his, a French Abbée waited on us to the Carthusian Monastery, the strickest order in all France. They are [blank] in number. The Monk we went to see was very jovial, sociable and good natur'd, as soon as we enter'd he fell down to prayer. We all kneeled, he like the Quakers pray'd to himself for we heard not a word of what he said, it lasted about a minute. The following account we had from him, that the Carthusian is the strickest order, when they once enter the Monastery they never go outside of the gate again, a woman is not allowed to enter their walls nor their church, so that they never see a woman, they never eat meat, each one has two or three rooms, very neat and clean, the one contains the tools of what they were brought up to, at which they work at leisure hours for amusement only, the second room where they lie, and see their friends, their bed being in a press to take up and put down at pleasure, the third room is their study in which they spend much of their time in reading and praying. Each one has likewise a garden (he keeping it in order himself,) which produces a plenty of fruits. They wear woollen shirts and in summer it must be very warm. The Monk yesterday complain'd of the heat much, they speak to one another only one day in the week, dine by themselves, which is dresst and brought to a little hole from which they take it. They are allowed no drink between meals, they wear no stockings, only shoes, their heads are shaved, he said he had been there sixteen years, and he had not seen a penny of money and if any was found on him, it wou'd be a great crime. This one was about forty years old. When he found we were Americans, he was much pleased to hear us talk, he asked our conductor what religion we were of. He was very chearful, and much pleased with our visit, poor creature to be so confin'd for life. I do not wonder he is glad to see a rational being, it is a refreshment to his spirits; Gracious Being it is possible thou intended human creatures shou'd so retire from the world, and not receive and enjoy the good things of this life which thy good Providence has so bountifully bestowed on us, what are all

¹ April 23, 1778. *Journals of the Continental Congress* (Ford), x. 381.

those blessings sent for, but that we shou'd partake and with grateful hearts, acknowledge the kindness of the Donor, for what are we formed, but for society, and the mutual friendship of one another, for what purpose was woman form'd, was it not for man? certainly and can it be believed that the supreme Being who made this world and governs it in a most miraculous manner, that he who sent all the good things in this life for the use of his human creatures in this lower world, that he takes a peculiar pleasure and delight in a person secluded himself for ever from the world and that the walls of a convent about fifty feet square, shou'd be his boundary, beyond which, he shou'd not pass, impossible. This religious house is rich it has five or six thousand pounds sterling per ann. belonging to it. From this place I went to the Bois delonia, Wrote this day to friend Joy at Lisle.

Sunday. I think the weather here very near as warm as with us. The wind for this week past has been East, which has made it much more pleasant, otherwise it wou'd have been extreemly hot. Did not leave my chamber till dinner time, tea with Mr. Archer, and number [of] Americans, after tea walked towards the shipping, see two Americans, just arrived from Plymouth, from which place they got away on Wednesay last. Supped with Capt. Whipple.

Monday, July 13, as it brought a new day, it of course brings some variety with it. I wrote to Friend Dowling, sent it by a private opportunity. likewise to Mr. Smith. About at several shops, cannot but observe how much we poor Americans have suffer'd in the French merchandize, they having charged double the common price and made fortunes on our loss. This week produces nothing remarkable. War is the general topic of conversation, we have news one day which is contradicted the next. It is certain that the French Navy was never in so respectable a situation as at present, the Brest Fleet according to the best accounts consists of thirty-two Ships of the Line, and ten Frigates very full mann'd, but for all, tho' great part of the English Fleet is in America, yet they dread their floating Castles, and the drubbing they had last Warr they have not yet got over. The Spanish are in much the same situation, their Fleet is in a very respectable situation, and their Galleons are now arriv'd and very probable they will take an active part cannot say. They say war is declared between the Empire and Prussia, and between Russia and the Porte, in short all Europe is likely to be involved in a war. After being in France fifteen weeks have a probability of leaving it, not before I am tired. It is impossible for a person who has not been in this country to

have an idea how different they are from us in every thing, manners, customs, behaviour, constitution, government, in short every circumstance forbids that connection, that cou'd happen and I hope will be brought to pass between G. B. and America. A number of young fellows of us agreed to be in a mess together, for which purpose we put in two guineas each for necessaries above the ship's allowance.

Wednesday, July 23, after preparing every thing for my voyage, I left Nants in the ship's barge with Capt. Jones of the marines. I went ashore at [Le] Pellerin fifteen miles from Nants, lodged that night at Mr. Car Michael's there. He has two daughters very agreeable. Thursday hired horse and rode to Painbeuf, fifteen miles, the wind being contrary prevented our sailing, tarried in this disagreeable place till Monday when the Captain and the remainder of our mess coming down I went on board the *Providence* and that night, July 27, 1778, for the first time lay there. The different scenes, from the land amidst two hundred and fifty people, the noise they are continually making, and every circumstance so opposite from the silent repose of the land, that it is some time before one is sued to the manner of living. Our mess consisting of nine at present, Capt. Procter, Calef, Holmes and Amiel, Johonnot, Capt. Townsend, a French gentleman and a German, and myself. The next day I dined with the Capt. as two or three of our mess are to dine with him every day. We are on the half deck, the bulk head divides us from the Capt. He endeavours to make every thing agreeable to us affording us all the assistance in his power. The first Lieut. is Mr. Pitcher, a man of no show and great enemy to dress, but thoroughly acquainted with his duty and in that capacity a good officer, the second Lieut. Mr. Dival a very obliging person and one who knows his duty, tho' not of very great experience, Mr. Fletcher the third Lieut. a young man very stiddy and attentive, Capt. Jones of the Marines. The *Providence* carries thirty guns, six eighteen pounders, eighteen twelve pounders, four six pounders on quarter deck and two on forecastle. While we lay at Painbeuf we had some of our acquaintance almost every day to see, and never dine without company, in this disagreeable place we lay at anchor waiting for a wind till Wednesday morning, August 5, we had a light breese. We weighed about twelve o'clock at noon, but the wind coming about were obliged to moor again, very much mortified. I received a letter while we lay at anchor at Painbeuf from London from Friend Blanchard dated July 17, mentioning there was no probability of my chest coming to Nants. I wrote him an answer. At eleven o'clock Wednesday night we left Pain-

beuf but the wind being so light it was with great difficulty we reached one league. We were happy to pass a bad bar with safety. Capt. Macgan attempting to do the same run a ground. Perhaps there is not in Europe a more dangerous river for navigation than the Loire, for a ship which draws thirteen feet of water is obliged to wait for spring tides to pass the barr, and a vessell drawing more than nine feet when loaded cannot go up to Nants (about ten leagues from the mouth of the River) but is obliged to lighten herself at Painbeuf. We are now at anchor about a league from the *Boston* Frigate and by to morrow tide hope to proceed to Brest. Numbers of vessels takes the opportunity of our Frigate for a convoy, both Americans and French, to Brest and to America. I hope I have bid adieu to France never to return to it, as I can never love the Constitution, the manners and customs of this country. Nants I think I have said sufficient about, that it is a sea port city on the River Loire, ten leagues from the mouth of the River, very bad navigation there being but nine feet of water at high tide, it has a large trade with Guinea and the West Indies in time of peace the large ships ride at Painbeuf about ten leagues from Nantes. The inhabitants are about one hundred thousand, they say one hundred and forty thousand. [An] American Agent is at Nants, a German by name Schweighauser, but our trade at present here is very small, and unless the French alter their behaviour very much it can never increase much.

On Thursday morning by light we reach'd the *Boston*, and on Saturday morning we all weigh'd anchor for Brest, twelve sail in number, the wind being fair for going, but unfavorable for Brest. The next day it became calm, what little wind there was, unfair for Brest.

Sunday evening, August 9, five of our company left us, and Monday morning the whole left us all bound for America. We expected before this to meet with some privateers from Jersey or Guernsey but are disappointed. We have now a fair wind for [blank.]

On Tuesday we espied two sail at a great distance, we gave what chase was in our power, but there being so small wind, the small vessels had the advantage. We keep within sight of them for three days, at last they finding out what we were, (for I imagine they were privateers) pushed off as fast as possible.

On Saturday morning, August 15, four o'clock, after a passage of seven days from Nants, sixty leagues, we came to anchor in the Harbour of Brest. We saluted the Admiral with thirteen guns he returned it with seven, in a short time after came a number of

officers from several of the ships in the harbour. After breakfast our Commodore waited on the Admiral to pay him the usual compliments, he was received with great complaisance and offers of any thing he should want while at Brest, the old gentleman was much pleased with the behaviour of the Admiral. Capt. Simpson¹ of the *Ranger* came on board us, as he went on board the Admiral in the Commodore's barge, he offer'd us Gentlemen Volunteers his barge to go on shore. We accepted of it. Capt. Jones, Mr. Richards, Amiel, Townsend, Johonnot and myself went in her first on board the *Ranger* of which Capt. Simpson commanded, a ship of eighteen guns six pounders. Mr. Morris, Capt. of the Marines, was there, a genteel young man whom I was acquainted with at Nants, shortly after came the three Commanders from waiting on the French Admiral. We took Mr. Morris with us on shore, they engaged our returning to dinner we had so little time on shore that agreed to go again after dinner. We had a full table at dinner the three Commanders were among the number. In the afternoon we visited Brest, landing on the side of the town which contains the store houses for the several Ships of War. From thence walked round, after crossing the River, to the Docks, and through the town, round the ramparts etc. returned to the ship about half past eight in the evening. The town of Brest is a Garrison Place and separate from the Army and Navy is nothing for that is the only support. You enter the Harbour between two amazing strong forts the passage is about a [blank] in breadth and opens after you enter to a most grand harbour, surrounded by land save that passage, there being forts all round for the defence of the town. The town is hid by the wall that surrounds it. First the Fleet makes a good appearance upwards of thirty sail of the line besides Frigates. The side of the town we first landed on were stores of all kinds of necessities for the Fleet, each ship having a particular warehouse with the name of the ship on the front. Here we saw numbers of those miserable beings called Galley Slaves, chained two and two together at [work?]. Wretched creatures, the King has five thousand seven hundred of these shocking objects at this place. As we walked we looked into a rope walk belonging to the King twelve hundred feet in length, and another there is here one thousand feet in length. The amazing quantity of cannon, anchors, some weighing upwards of ten thousand weight, the regularity and order of every part is surprising. We then passed to view the Docks worthy the notice of every stranger. Here the largest ships are brought, clean'd, etc. and out again in two tides. Here we went on board

¹ Thomas Simpson.

the *Neptune* of eighty four guns abuilding to be lanch'd in a few days, which appear'd a little world. We then went on board a two decker which was repairing the damage it had received in the late battle; the *Ville de Paris* a three decker was likewise repairing, being the most damaged of any vessel, she had eighteen shot thro' her cabin, and lost a number of men. It appears amazing that such large bulky bodies moves with the celerity that they do. We walked on the ramparts which are pleasing, and thro' the principal part of the town, which is altogether calculated for the Army and Navy. This is the first harbour for ships in the Kingdom. About half past eight return'd to the ship much pleased with my day's work.

Sunday, August 16. Morning the Admiral did our Commodore the honor of waiting on him to view the ship, the form and built of which he was much pleased with, a number of his officers accompanied him. We saluted him on his departure with thirteen, his ship called the *Grand Bretagne* return'd the same number of guns. The Admiral looks to be upwards of seventy years old, a pleasing countenance, and very open and free in conversation. His ship carries one hundred and ten guns.

Monday morning the largest part of the French Fleet went out twenty-three Line of Battle Ships, five Frigates, and three small craft — in all thirty — a fine sight to view the floating Castles or little worlds carried along by a genteel gale, and guided by as much each as a pilot boat. There is six or seven Ships of the Line now remaining in Harbour, which will be fitted ready to follow the rest in a few days. When they go, Brest will be left by all the Navy. The sailors and officers were in high courage, promising themselves success in their expedition.

Tuesday afternoon on shore at Brest with our Lieutenants. The French brought in a small pilot boat belonging to the East India Company of England looking out for the homeward bound ships to conduct them into port. We again viewed the store houses, docks and every thing we found worthy of notice. We see the *Lively*, an English Frigate taken by the French, the vessel which took the *Lexington* Privateer and many other prizes of no note.

Wednesday sail six Ships of the [Line] two Frigates and a sno, in all twenty-nine Ships of Line, seven Frigates and smaller [craft.]

Friday afternoon, August 21, 1778. We that is to say the *Providence* Frigate thirty guns, viz. six eighteen pounders, eighteen twelve pounders, and six six pounders, Abraham Whipple Esq'r Commander, the *Boston* Frigate of thirty guns, twelve nine and six

pounders, [blank] Tucker¹ Commander, and the *Ranger* of eighteen nine pounders, [blank] Simpson Commander, left the Harbour of Brest with the wind at north and by east. Spirits of the crew high by the hopes of their successes in taking of prizes and the prospect of once more seeing their native country. I must own for my part the idea of again viewing America, the place that gave birth to me and most of my family, the thoughts of seeing my friends, and again being restored to Boston, the pleasing and happy meeting I hope shortly to experience in that meeting, eradicates in a great measure those gloomy thoughts, those disagreeable feelings and that anxiety of mind, which I have for a long time experienced. I think I have described Brest enough for this place. The town itself is nothing without the Army and Navy, of these there are such numbers as makes it always alive. The Troops of France are without doubt most excellent. There are a great many here at present, the navy have most left it; there now remains five two deckers, one three decker (*Ville de Paris*), and few Frigates. These intend joining the grand Fleet as soon as they are refitted.

Saturday morning, August 22, we have passed a Dutch man, and now in full chase of a vessell just espied. It proves to be a Spanard from Nants to Cadiz. We chased several vessells either Dutch or Danes.

Monday, August 24, we took a Brig't from London bound to Pensacola loaded with provisions, belonging to the English Government, for the Troops there, Robert Ward Master. Her cargo consisted of 600 Bbs. Flour, 200 Bags Bread, 139 Tierces Beef, 300 Bbs. Pork, Peas and sundry other articles. I by Capt. Whipple's desire assisted in examining the letters and papers, was entertained in reading of them, they shew the disagreeable situation the merchants in London are in, many have lately failed, and more they expect will every day. The complaints of the times were great, and the duns many. Capt. Ward left Spithead, Tuesday the 18th, bro't papers of the 11th printed in London. The Fleet under Admiral Keppell he says was out consisting of thirty-five Ships of the Line and a few Frigates to seek the French Fleet under Duke Orviliers. The wind continues fair. We in the course of the week chased many others, all of which turn'd out Dutch or Danes. In the short the ships coming and going in fleets so much is the reason I imagine we have not come across of any more English vessells.

Monday, August 31, at midnight all hands were called to quarters, a vessell being discovered alongside of us, it being very foggy. She was sailing the oposite course from us. Before the Capt. came on

¹ Samuel Tucker (1747-1833).

deck, and we cou'd make sail the Brig't (which it prov'd to be) by favor of the fogg had made out of sight, by the time we were under full sail. Presently there arose a very heavy squall with abundance of rain that we had enough to do to shorten sail; at break of day we discover'd the Brig't we chased at midnight. We imediately made sail again. She sail'd excessively well. We made but little on her till twelve when we gain'd considerable, and cou'd discover her hull from our deck. Some time before we espied a large ship over our weather bowe, which the *Ranger* had given chase to. Our Capt. thought fit to leave chasing the Brigantine which we shou'd have come up with by four o'clock P. A. supposing it to be an American Privateer, and we also gave chase to the ship, which we did not gain on. The *Ranger* being much ahead, she rais'd her fast, and before night wou'd have come up with her, if she had not meet the misfortune of carrying her foretop mast and her main top gallant mast which prevented our pursuing her, so that we lost both. As the Capt. has the command he ought to know best, therefore I shall leave this affair. By the next day the *Ranger* got up new top masts and we with a fine wind go under a gentle sail. Very disagreeable rainy weather off the Western Islands.

Thursday, September 3, we are now steering west north west before the wind.

September 5 we gave chase to a Brigantine, a Frenchman from St. Peter's N Foundland to Havre de Grace. The scenes of a Man of War are often curious, and frequently produce laughter, especially on board the *Providence* at present, as we have such a mixture of languages who do not understand one another. We have seventy or eighty Frenchmen, most of them never at sea before, and know not a rope in the ship, when they first came out were very sick, but now are recover'd. Add the great inveteracy and hatred there is between our sailors and the French, that they must have a very poor time of it.

Sunday, Sept. 6. The view and prospect of the sea shews the care of Providence over all his creatures in a wonderful manner. The bottomless ocean, the extensiveness of the same, and the extraordinary manner that ships live, from year's end to year's end without seeing land, together with the innumerable number of creatures in the sea, all declare the existence of a supreme Cause.

On Wednesday, Sept. 9, took a Brigantine from Granada bound to Glasgow with about one hundred forty puncheons of rum and a little cotton. She was one of a fleet of fifty sail from which she parted four weeks past, was then out two weeks under convoy of the [blank] Ship of twenty guns and *Beaver* Sloop of fourteen guns.

Sunday, Sept. 13. Yesterday we discovered a large ship, suppose of the same fleet. By reason of its coming calm, we could not reach her.

Sunday, Sept. 27. On Thursday 17 we took a Snow from Newfoundland bound to Port O: Port 2200 quintal of fish. We now are on the Banks, have tried for fish two or three days, but have been unsuccessful. What our course will be next cannot say. I long to be out of this foggy disagreeable weather, my fingers now are so cold I can hardly write. Long to go home, as for what reason, God knows, the whole ship's crew endeavour to cross us in every thing, and are as malicious as possible — in short I never was in so disagreeable a situation in my life. As I am now mentioning the ship, I think I will put the allowance which is order'd by Congress for the Navy, and which if fulfilled is sufficient and plenty, viz't:

Sunday one pound of bread and one pound of beef.

Monday one pound of bread 1 li. pork, half pint pease.

Tuesday 1 li. bread and 1 li. beef.

Wednesday 1 li. bread, 2 oz. butter, 4 oz. cheese, half pint rice.

Thursday 1 li. bread, 1 li. pork, half pint pease.

Friday 1 li. bread, 1 li. beef.

Saturday 1 li. bread, 1 li. pork, half pint pease, 4 oz. cheese. Half pint rum per man per day, discretionary allowance, on extraordinary occasion a pint of rum; half pint vinegar for six men per week.¹

Remarks were made during the meeting by Messrs. DOWSE and THAYER.

¹ The Diary thus ends abruptly.